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MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

I have builded me a castle,
Stately, beautiful and tall,
And the rarest roses blossom
All the summer on the wall.
Oh, the rest I have about me,
In this cloudland home of mine!
Let the world go on without me,
I have drank of Lotus-wine,
Of Lotus-wine!

Friend, come up into the quiet
Of my castle's stately walls;
Here no echo of the tumult
Of your earth-life ever falls.
Oh, I pray you, leave the shadow
Of the world's heart-wearying strife,
And come up into the sunshine
Of a new and happy life—
A new and happy life!

Come and bathe among the billows
Of my dreamland's dancing streams;
I have found the long-sought fountain
That has haunted many dreams.
Plunge beneath the wind-kissed waters,
Drinking in the sunshine's gold,
And arise to youth renewed,
And to be no longer old—
No longer old!

Come, and in the snowy chalice
Of a lily's waxen cup,
You shall drink a draught of nectar,
That shall close your sorrows up.
I will fill you up a lily
To its sweet and scented brim
With the wine that drowns remembrance;
Drink, and let the world grow dim—
The world grow dim!

The Hunted Bride: OR, WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKERS.

It was a bitterly cold day early in the winter of '57-'58. Two young girls were sitting with their shawls wrapped about them—for they had no fire—in an upper room of a tenement-house in the lower part of the city, on a street lying back of Broadway. They spoke only occasionally, and when one caught the eyes of the other fixed sadly on her face, she would look out of the window as if there were something to interest her in the icy street, or the brick wall opposite. It was but a sorrowful rue to keep from betraying how very sorrowful they felt.

"Poor Sarah!" at length said the elder of the two, her thoughts taking speech almost against her will, "I hear that she was no sooner discharged than she went to her boarding-house and hung herself."

"It would be better for us if we had the courage to do so too, Lucille."

"Oh, no! Tina, that is not true courage."

Both sat silent for a time; then Lucille resumed:

"She expected to keep her place all winter. Many others had been dismissed, but she was a favorite, and had been with them so long, she hoped for the best."

"This will be a sad winter for the poor, Lucille."

"Yes, yes, yes! The rich have been reckless and the poor must suffer. It is always so. We pay the penalty of the crimes of those who walk over us. Poor little Tina, you tremble with cold; and you are hungry, I know. You are not so strong as I—I do not feel it so much."

"Don't mind me, Lucille, don't."

"Come over and sit in my lap, and I will chafe your hands; they are purple with cold. By-and-by, when the men have gone from dinner, you shall go down to Mrs. Mackaye's and ask to sit by her fire a while."

Poor children, orphans, whom the great world, the rich city, the Christian fireside should have adopted! They made a picture of sweet forlornness as they sat there together. Tina—given once by some fond mother the romantic name of Clementina, but called always and appropriately by this pet abbreviation—so small and delicate, with her large brown eyes ready to drop tears, sat in her friend's lap, who chafed and fondled her little thin hands, imparting to them some of her own superior vitality; for Lucille, though her face was now rather worn and pale, had a vigorous constitution; the fine dark skin, the clear-cut features, full bust, and tall and rounded form, told of youth and strength.

"How beautiful you are! You look handsomer to me every day," said the child on her knee, caressing her smoothly-braided hair, black like her eyes.

"It's a strange time to be thinking of beauty," responded Lucille, with a sad smile; "by the time we are starved to death, it will matter little how we once looked."

"Do you think we really can starve to death, and so many people all about us?" queried Tina, with a shudder, clinging to her friend's shoulder.

"People have met with such a fate, you know, even in this city. But, I didn't wish to frighten you. You must sit by Mrs. Mackaye's fire, while I go out again, and seek work of some kind. From our own trade we have nothing to expect, and, indeed, nothing from any other. One can only try and try again, till she dies. However, I may find something. I have energy, and the thought of you, waiting for good tidings, will be a double incentive."

"I ought to go with you."



"Now I am ready, Mrs. Maxwell," and he contrived to drop the note in Lucille's hand.

"No; the day is cold, and you are already chilled with hunger. I may walk many miles before I return. Come! I have none too much time; the days are short—I hear the men going out from dinner."

She took her hood and shawl, and the two descended, pausing before a door on the second floor, where Mrs. Mackaye kept an Irish boarding-house.

"Give Tina a cup of tea and piece of bread; I will pay you when I come back, Mrs. Mackaye."

"Whist, now! don't be spakin' ov the pay. The darlin's welcome to a bit o' bread an' tay. She takes as if she had the ague, shure. Sit here by the stove, till I bring it to ye."

With a smile of thanks to the warm-hearted Irish woman, Lucille paused not to take any of this comfort for herself, but went forth with quick, elastic steps, from which hardship and sorrow had not yet stolen the grace of youth. In a few moments she mingled with the crowd upon Broadway.

It was late in the afternoon, and she had made the last of several applications to a house far up-town, when, turning wearily to face the stream of people going up the great thoroughfare at that hour, she met a young man who affected not to see her as she passed; but she, staring full at him, knew that he did recognize her, by the slight contraction of his eyelids.

She turned, and, following him, pressed close to his side.

"You make a very good show, Branthope, upon money which does not belong to you. You may feast; but I'm starving."

"Are you out of work?" he asked, uneasily.

"Yes, I am; and do not expect any more this winter. Our employers are sure to take care of themselves—as for us, it is no matter."

"Please don't talk to me now, Lucille, I'm afraid we shall be observed. I am going to be married next week to a rich girl. I expect every moment that her carriage will pass. She has driven down to Wall street to bring her father home from business. Give me your address. I promise you I will see you as soon as I have time."

"Perhaps when you have gained another fortune by means of one which does not belong to you, you will be willing to make some restitution. I do not know where my address will be a fortnight from now—maybe Potter's Field."

The young gentleman's hand was upon his purse, but at that moment a carriage passed, in which was sitting a portly and pompous middle-aged man, and a stylish, beautiful young lady, who blushed and smiled as she bowed, and he hurried savagely from the girl by his side.

The gas was lighted long before Lucille returned to her little friend, who was pressing her pale cheek against the cold glass, watching for her.

"Nothing—I have made out nothing at all," was her reply to the eager look she met as she entered their apartment; "but we will have a fire and something to eat. I have pawned my ring, and have bought some coals and supper. You know it was a real emerald which was set in the ring; I raised enough money on it to fend off starvation for some time, Tina."

"I thought you said you would never part with it."

"I hardly think I ever would have done it to save myself. But I thought of your pale cheeks and trembling fingers, little girl. There!

don't feel so badly. It's only pawned; I have a strong faith that I shall redeem it some day."

"Sit down, while I light the fire," entreated Tina, noticing the weary air with which the other placed upon the floor the basket which she had tugged up two flights of stairs.

All the time that Tina was making the fire, putting the tea to steep, and toasting the bread, her companion sat, staring at the grate, lost in moody reflections. Her black eyes gleamed beneath their knitted brows, cold and self-absorbed, and sometimes the hungry teeth would gnaw at the crimson under-lip. Her room-mate stole troubled glances at her, not daring to intrude upon her thoughts. She inferred, child as she was, that Lucille, so handsome, so intelligent, so superior in all things to herself, had a secret history. That she had been brought up to the trade of making artificial flowers, as Tina herself had been, she did not think credible. It was true that no girl in the shop—not French Terise even—made more exquisite flowers; but this did not shake her belief that the art had been recently acquired.

Out of a hundred companions, Lucille had singled Tina for a friend—her, so quiet, so shy, so patient at her work; they had roomed together to lessen expense; and Tina, the orphan, had never before felt so happy and protected, so much as if her apartment was a home, as since this partnership.

For Lucille was courageous and kind; patient, caring for her little friend in the most delightful way; a sort of mother-sister, though in reality only two years older. The dark moods which sometimes came upon Lucille, during which she seemed to feel harshly toward the whole world, and to keep herself in a chilling silence, awed poor Tina, but did not lessen her love. Such a mood was upon her to-night; the young girl moved softly about her pleasant work of preparing their evening meal, not speaking until the tea was on the unpaired board, which they dignified by the name of table.

If there had been any to observe and appreciate, they would have found that Tina herself was not unlovely, when the heat of the fire had driven the paleness from her face; her cheeks were delicate as the petals of the wild-rose, and her soft brown eyes were such as only belong to loving, clinging natures. The taste constantly cultivated in the work of making flowers showed itself in the color of her plain dress and the arrangement of her drossy, light-brown hair.

But there was not one in all the world who cared whether Tina was pretty or ugly, except, perhaps, Lucille, and she cared less for the orphan girl's looks than she did for her innocence and timidity, which made her a welcome companion.

"Come, darling Lucille, the tea is waiting, and I'm sure you need it," ventured her friend, after waiting vainly for her to come out of her absent-minded mood.

"Yes, I do; I have eaten nothing since last night," responded Lucille, shaking off her abstraction, and drawing a chair to the table almost eagerly, for, however pressing may be our mental wants, those of the body are most relentless and terrible, and Lucille was more nearly famished than our philanthropists would like to believe.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

ONE day, a fortnight later, Lucille came

back from that never-ending, never-successful quest for work, on which she set forth every morning, to return each evening disappointed.

"We have work at last!" she cried, as Tina, her lap full of flowers, which she had manufactured in the hope that she might dispose of them to charitable ladies, flew to open the door. "No more freezing, no more starving! but plenty of fire, plenty of food, soft beds, rich lights, everything luxurious, my darling!"

"What can you mean?"

"Not to deceive, I assure you. Don't look at me as if you suspected me of being insane. I just simply mean that I have secured us places as servants; you, as lady's-maid to a young, pretty, and wealthy bride, who is about to go to housekeeping; myself, as child's nurse to a good-natured baby in another well-to-do family. It is better than making flowers, Tina, even if we had them to make. Your service will be light, and you will share in the rich crumbs which fall from your lady's table. We American girls are foolish to give up all these excellent places to foreigners, because it goes against the grain of our independent natures to serve. What are we shop-girls but the servants of most exacting masters, toiling out our lives in close rooms, when we might have comfort, plenty, and comparative ease and liberty? I tell you the house-servants of New York city are about the most favored class. They pay no bills; they do not dread rent-day; they feast upon their master's substance, without care as to how it came or how it is going. No wonder they grow insolent. Go you, too, my dear, and take all the advantage of your situation possible. Work as little and live as well as you can!"

"You are not in earnest about that last advice, I know, Lucille, for no one is more strict to do right than yourself. You often make me ashamed. But do you think I shall give satisfaction?—the work will be so new to me."

"You already dress hair beautifully; and hands which can fashion such dainty flowers ought to be swift and tasteful in the service of lady's-maid. Mrs. Maxwell will have great patience with your ignorance, sustained by the delightful prospect of a neat and conscientious servant. Besides, she is only a girl herself—married last week, eighteen; inexperienced and probably very indulgent. It is one place in a thousand, and I feel that I may congratulate you."

"Fortunately, women-servants don't have to do a laundry," laughed Tina. "Fancy me in a cape and buttons!"

"I do fancy you in a white apron and French cap."

"Absurd. But, indeed, I like it, after all. Why didn't you get a place in the same family, darling Lucille? and you gave me the best one, as usual."

"I have reasons for not wishing to go in the family where I found you a situation, or I might also have had a place there. However, we shall not be far apart. The houses are in the same square; and I was very particular to secure your Thursdays and Sundays out, so that you could come to see me."

Both the girls laughed. It was ridiculous—and yet, in one sense, it was sublime—it saved them from starvation!

"You have such a head, Lucille, to manage things! When are we to go?"

"To-morrow. Your mistress, Mrs. Maxwell, returns to-day from Philadelphia, and takes possession of the elegant house, which was her father's bridal present, to-morrow."

"I wonder if I shall like her?" mused Tina. "If you don't you can dismiss her," replied Lucille, mockingly. "But I think there is no danger of your not agreeing. She seems amiable—a very happy bride—even a little romantic! As romantic as Fifth Avenue ever gets to be. She has made a mistake, but she does not know it, yet."

Lucille was slipping into one of her day-dreams, and Tina was regarding her with wide-open eyes, ready to devour every word which dropped from lips that often spoke in a strain quite above the level of her class. "It was my duty to have warned her; had I not supposed her a mere creature of fashion like Branthope himself, I should have stepped between them. Now, for her sake I ought to be silent. Hark!" starting suddenly from her soliloquy; "what voice is that? Tina, I am lost! hide me in this closet! Be silent, oh, be still! Don't appear to be alarmed; and when that person asks for me, do you say there is no such person here. Say that I've gone out—that you don't expect me back to-day—anything to get him away—there! shut the door and don't look so pale."

She looked pale herself, though; and poor little Tina trembled all over as a wary step came to the door, followed by a cautious knock.

"Come in," she said, striving to look unconcerned.

The door opened, admitting a roughly dressed man, heavy-browed, with cunning, restless eyes, reddish-black beard, and a face flushed with brandy. The first glance at him made Tina's blood curdle, timid little thing as she was; but she looked at him as bravely as if her heart were not almost fluttering out of its cage.

"I say, Miss," he began, with a smile which increased her dislike, "where's that other young lady that boards with you?"

"She's gone out," gasped poor Tina; gone in would have been the exact truth, but the young girl was certain some frightful emergency demanded from her this deviation. "Can I give her your message?"

"No, Miss, you can't—not very well. I've got business of importance, and I reckon I'd best wait here till she comes," so saying, he helped himself to a chair.

"I don't expect her back very soon."

"Well, I guess I can wait. She'll be in by dark, I s'pose; and you look as if you'd be good company."

The girl was in agony; he saw that she was frightened, and leered at her maliciously; but she was alarmed at other matters than the thought of harm from him. The closet into which she had shut and locked her friend, turning the key more by flurry than intention, was very small—so small that she could hardly close the door with Lucille inside.

To be shut there for hours was death. Yet the concealed girl had appeared so agitated, so filled with dread, and the man so desperate a character, that she dared not, upon her own responsibility, betray Lucille—at least not until the very last moment.

Fifteen minutes—half an hour passed slowly on. The intruder sat and stared at her, enjoying her distress; the silence was such that she feared some inadvertent movement, or even the stifled breath of the prisoner, would betray her. She began, nervously, to talk about the weather and the hard times, getting up and looking out of the window and wondering why Lucille did not return. She would have gone out and summoned help to remove the man; but she feared to leave her friend alone; she was sure, if she did, that he would go to rummaging the room; or, being alone in it, he might detect even a breath. Each moment grew more unendurably long; she gasped in sympathy with her stifling friend; the man began to whistle, in an undertone, to pass away the time, when suddenly the crash of a falling dish in the fatal closet made her heart stand still.

The stranger looked at the closet and at her suspiciously.

"Those troublesome rats!" she exclaimed, and seeing that he sat in such a position as would prevent his looking inside, she went to the closet and partially unclosed the door, crying out, "hush!" to the imaginary pests, while she looked at Lucille to question her if she would be released. The wild, imploring look, the gesture commanding her to close the door, caused her to do so despite her fears, and the expression of suffering on the white face.

Again she sat down. She arose and again looked out the window. A couple of police officers were standing on the opposite pavement.

"Perhaps Lucille has stepped into Mrs. Mackaye's on her way up-stairs," she said; "I will go see," and passing out, she flew—flew with her utmost speed down the many stairs and out of the main entrance.

"Come, come," she cried, beckoning to the policeman, "quick! There is a bad man upstairs; he will do harm!"

Startled more by her look than words, they followed her back, reaching the room just as its occupant, tired of inaction, was exploring the premises for himself.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" exclaimed one of the officers; and the two, knowing by former experience that he was as powerful as he was reckless, sprung upon him at once.

Tina shrank into a corner, while a short, fierce struggle took place, during which the man was overpowered and dragged from the room. Then she sprang to the closet. As she opened it, Lucille, whose face was resting against the door, fell forward against her.

"She is dead!" shrieked Tina, sinking to the

floor with her burden, unable to make an effort to recover her; but the change of position sent the blood back to the brain of the unconscious girl, who soon unfolded her eyes with a struggle for breath.

"Dear, darling Lucille, I thought you were suffocated," sobbed Tina, laying her friend's head from her lap, and bringing water as soon as the terror was off her limbs.

"It was close," said the shivering answer, "hot and close! but it was not that! When I heard that terrible man's oaths and his struggles, I fainted from fright. There is nothing on earth that can terrify me like that person. Have you locked the door?"

"They have him; you need not fear; they will place him in prison," said her little companion, soothingly, though herself trembling.

"He will get away from them, as he has done before. He will get away, and come back here! Oh, I am so glad that we are to leave this spot in the morning. We will keep the door locked every moment until we go. I shall not feel safe until I am far from here. I supposed him to be in another part of the world, and to think he was so near!" with a prolonged shudder.

Mrs. Mackaye came up to see what the officers had been after, and finding the girls so nervous and alarmed, made them come down and stay with her until bedtime.

When they returned to their room, they fastened the door, dragged the furniture before it, and copped tremblingly to bed, and into each other's arms. Their sleep was broken. If the elder one sunk into slumber she would awake with a start or a terrified scream, while the younger, alarmed by sympathy, puzzled her head in wonder as to what connection that hard-looking man could have with the fortunes of Lucille—Lucille, so self-possessed, usually so courageous—Lucille, so proud and bright—so far above others in her station—Lucille, in whose hidden history she began to take the deepest interest.

In the morning the two girls prepared themselves for the novel step they were about to take; very little preparation, indeed, was necessary, as they had no means of adding to their wardrobe, and the furniture of their room was rented with it. Lucille filled a large paper-box with the flowers they had on hand, and the remaining material.

"Take this with you, Tina; Mrs. Maxwell will perhaps purchase the flowers, which will enable you to provide yourself with stuff for those white aprons; and you can amuse yourself, in your leisure hours, in manufacturing more. Don't be so saving of coal this morning; put on all there is, and let us be thoroughly warmed before we set out."

There was a glowing fire, and the bread and butter was unstinted. Tina wished to run to the corner grocer's for coffee and milk, of which she knew her room-mate was fond, but Lucille would not hear of her leaving her alone a moment. Her eyes glittered, and the red spot, so indicative of intense excitement, burned on either cheek; her movements were nervously hurried, although she knew they would not be expected for several hours, in the houses to which they were to go. She ate very little, and spoke less; until, noticing that her own mood was depressing Tina, whom she wished to keep in good spirits, she suddenly dashed into the opposite extreme of gay and audacious conversation.

"You can play lady, little one, to your heart's content. When your mistress is away you can assume her character—borrow her silken robes, sparkling jewels, et cetera, and break the hearts of the footman and butler."

"If it were you, now, Lucille, you would not have to play lady. You always are a lady, and I believe you have been as rich as any of them, some time. You aren't angry with me for saying so?"

"No, Tina; you can not help your opinions. And you always persist in having flattering opinions of me. I suppose you are full of curiosity to know how I could have any acquaintances with that man who came here yesterday—how he could have power over me to terrify me so. It is natural that you should wish to understand it; but I can not explain now. Some time, Tina, when I have broken my chain—when I am free, you shall know all. Now, you must take me to rest."

"On trust!" echoed the younger girl, reproachfully. She would as soon have thought of taking a queen on trust, as Lucille, whom she respected almost as much as she adored.

"You are a loving creature, and you will have your reward," said Lucille, looking into the brown eyes until something of the hardness of her own glittering glance was melted. "I constitute myself your grandmother, little one, and some day I shall come to you in your cinders of servitude, and bring you the glass slippers and the coach-and-four."

"And the Prince?" laughed Tina.

"If you promise me to wait for the Prince, and not to flirt with any of the lower rank in the mean time, I will bring him, too. But come, Tina, let us be generous, and make Mrs. Mackaye a present of everything for which we have no use—the ten-pot and spoons, plates, and milk-pitcher. Thank heaven! it is nine o'clock, and we can set forth upon our adventure."

Mrs. Mackaye wept with true Irish prodigality when the "beautiful childer" stopped at her door to say good-by; but no sooner were they down the stairs than she wiped her eyes on her apron, and went up to console herself with the treasures they had abandoned.

"To think of Miss Lucille a-turpin' nursery-maid," she remarked, as she gathered up the spoils; "she'll frighten the poor baby with her grand airs, quite out of its appetite, I'm afraid. I'd sooner ask Queen Victoria to make pap for me than Miss Lucille. She ought to go on the Bovey board, that's what she ought. She'd make her fortune, shure. How sweet she'd be, now, in the Lady of Lions, or the Buccaneer's Bride."

This opinion of Mrs. Mackaye's was shared by another—Lucille herself, who was well aware that she had talents for the stage, and who, often, in hours of desperation and fierce striving with poverty, had resolved to undertake her legitimate occupation; and who had only been withheld—not by doubts of its propriety, for she had high respect for the genius of the world's great players, to whom she felt she might add her own name—by that same great fear and terror which she had manifested yesterday—the fear of being recognized and hunted down by one whom it was the set task of her life to avoid.

CHAPTER III.

ONE PART OF A MYSTERY.

MRS. BRANTHOPE MAXWELL was going out to a New Year's Eve festival, held in her own father's house.

"We must hurry, Tina," she said, as she sat before her mirror, watching the effect of the manipulation to which her beautiful hair was being subjected; "mamma wishes me to assist in receiving the guests, and I ought to be home by eight o'clock. How natural it comes to say 'home'—as if this was not my home! What a happy girl I am, to have two homes!"

and she laughed with that joyousness which proved her as happy as some careless child.

The bride of a month, married to the man of her choice, surrounded by luxury, and petted by a circle of friends, she had no excuse for being otherwise than very content. Even if not vain—and she was no more so than circumstances justified—she must have been satisfied with the reflected beauty upon which she gazed. She belonged to one of the most charming types of pretty American women—a slight, elegant figure, fair complexion, delicate features, a refined expression mingled of good breeding and intellectual cultivation; to this add the grace of stylish and exquisite costume, (in which, despite the port remarks of letter-writers, it is evident that our countrywomen excel), and you may believe that Mrs. Maxwell made an agreeable picture inside of that elaborate gilt frame. She was already dressed for the festival, and sat with a light shawl over her shoulders, while Tina put the finishing touches to her hair. Her pink silk dress was trimmed with white lace, and embellished with jewels of diamonds and emeralds.

"Why, where did that come from? It is perfect!" she cried, as Tina placed amid her golden-brown locks, just above her smooth, low forehead, a small diadem of moss-roses, which she fastened with one of the jeweled pins. "Are they real?"

"No, madam; I made them after I saw your dress. You know it is my business to make flowers."

"Yes; but I never saw any so life-like. How delicate the moss is! and the buds just match my dress. Tina, you are a treasure! I thank you for your pretty New Year's gift. Branthope will fall in love with me anew when he sees me!"

The young bride called her husband "Branthope," to her dressing-maid, which lapse of dignity was partly owing to her great happiness, that overflowed in confidence, to all about her, and partly to Tina's own gentle, unassuming ways, that drew forth this confidence, as naturally as light draws open the hearts of roses.

"I am so glad you fancy it, Mrs. Maxwell."

"Did not some one knock?"

Tina opened the door, and saw her friend, Lucille, who drew back when she perceived that the lady of the house was still in her chamber, saying that she would return to the kitchen. Mrs. Maxwell, who recognized her as the girl who recommended her maid to her, asked her to come in, saying that she was about to go, and Tina would soon be at liberty.

Locking the door, and taking up her fan and handkerchief, the young wife lingered for another glance in the mirror, when her husband, not waiting for an answer to his tap on the door, entered, saying:

"I am afraid we shall be late, Violet—the carriage is at the door. Why, darling, how beautiful you are to-night. You never looked better—not even in your wedding-dress."

"You see things couleur de rose," laughed the bride.

"I could not see them otherwise to-night. Rose is a favorite color of mine. I used to fancy it with dark hair and eyes; but I find now, that it harmonizes with blue eyes and golden hair," and stepping forward gayly, he was about to place himself by his wife's side, when his glance fell upon Lucille, who had shrunk to the far end of the room, and was standing quite composed, but pale, hoping to escape his observation.

The sudden change in his demeanor caused Mrs. Maxwell to say, carelessly:

"It is only a friend of Tina's. They are to have the evening to themselves after we go out."

"I don't like it," muttered Mr. Maxwell; but the glance of defiance he shot at the intruder was met by one as unwavering. He fled, and a moment about the dressing-bureau, appeared to look for something, tore a leaf out of his note-book, and wrote a few words upon it, saying to his wife, as he did so:

"I forgot to write out that order for Brown. Come, now I am ready, if you are, Mrs. Maxwell," and he contrived, skillfully, to drop the paper in Lucille's hand, before he left the room. After he had been some time gone, she read it, while Tina's attention was diverted to other matters:

"If you want money, you shall have it—freely. But don't begin to make trouble at this late hour of the day. If you do, I have a way of revenging myself. G. N. is in town—do you know it?—and I will set him on your track if you interfere with my affairs."

The red blood flushed up to the girl's forehead.

"True to his nature," she thought, while her lip curled with anger and contempt—"always cowardly, always ready to sacrifice me. It is like him to threaten, after I have promised immunity for his base deeds. If it were not for the innocence of that bride's loving face, I would ruin him to-morrow. Yes, I would dare the consequences—I would break the bonds of this fear which have held me back from doing that which I ought to have done for myself. I will appeal to the public for protection from them all. The whole three shall not have power to silence me. Branthope threaten me, indeed, when he quakes with a miserable terror, day and night, lest I should expose him! It will be far better for him to conciliate and to protect, than to urge me on to the last extremity. He depends too much upon the influence of the past. He ought to know," sneeringly, "how all that weighs against him, instead of in his favor, with me. Good heavens! what does he suppose I am made of, that I should be so different from other women? I should be a fool to allow him to see in what dream I stood of the other man."

"What ails you this evening, Lucille? You are growing tired, I know, of work to which you are not accustomed. Oh, I wish you had taken my place, which is so easy and pleasant," and Tina, sitting on the carpet at Lucille's feet, rested her head on her knee, looking up with affectionate eyes.

"You are a good and loving little friend, Tina; but don't fret yourself about having the easiest situation. I told you there were reasons for my not wishing it. Why, Tina, if you knew them, you would laugh at the ridiculousness of the idea! It would make you merry a whole evening," smiling bitterly.

"It always has appeared ridiculous to me to see you doing things which are plainly not habitual with you," answered the other, gravely. "As for me, I have always made flowers—always been poor; but with you it is otherwise."

"How do you know?"

"By the evidence of my senses. I wish I knew more about you, dear Lucille, for I love you; yet I feel so far from you. Mrs. Griggs told me once there was a romantic mystery about you."

"Dear Mrs. Griggs," said Lucille, softly, the tears springing to her eyes, "how good she was, in spite of her ignorance and comical sentimentality. I wish I could go to her now. It would be a comfort."

"Can't I comfort you the least little bit, darling Lucille?"

Lucille looked down at her earnestly a few moments.

"Tina, I know you love me, but have you discretion to receive a weighty secret and keep it carefully? You might do much harm to the happiness of an innocent person if you were to do or say anything unwise."

"I know I'm not wise; but I shall try not to harm you."

"Nor one other, who is destined to be a good friend of yours. Mr. Maxwell is a cousin of mine, we spent years under the same roof; every dollar of the property of which he has possession—over a hundred thousand dollars—is mine; mine, legally, and so certainly, that I have at any moment only to avow myself, and the law will place it at once in my hands. He is as fully aware of it as I am. It is natural that he should not like to have me about. But, circumstances may arise which will render it necessary for me to do some unexpected things; and I have taken you thus far into my confidence, in order, dear Tina, that you may not put a false construction upon evidences, which you will hardly fail to detect, of a previous acquaintance between Mr. Maxwell and myself. I do not wish his wife to observe this, since no explanations can be made to her which will not damage her husband in her eyes."

"How strange it all seems, Lucille, and you absolutely wanting bread!"

"That was an accident. Yet, for all my cousin really cares, I might starve, and welcome. He knows that I will not harm him—unless driven to it to preserve myself from something which I dread more than hunger, loneliness, or death itself."

"What is that, dear Lucille?"

"Don't ask me. I cannot put my unhappiness into words. As to my future, I was not designed, as you say, for a nursery-maid. I intend to design which I have long entertained, I intend now to carry out. I shall soon go to England, and study for the stage. But, listen, and do not forget, Tina! Where I go must be known to nobody except yourself. Mr. Maxwell, of all men, must not dream of it. It is of vital importance that I get off without my destination being suspected. After I reach London, I shall send my address to you under a fictitious name, so that if there should arise the necessity of any communication on my part, or on yours, some one in this wide world will know where I am. I am under the necessity of going abroad, to avoid recognition in my new calling. I am now going to write a note to Mr. Maxwell, to demand of him a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of the voyage, and my way in a strange city, until I am able to earn my living as an actress. But he is not to know for what purpose I use the money. He must believe that I am in this country—at the West, giving lessons as a music-teacher, or something of that kind. I am educated, Tina—accomplished, as the phrase goes—in music and the modern languages, which will be a great assistance to me in my new career. I have a good voice—and talent."

"As for you, pretty one, I would advise you to stay where you are, even if your own trade prospers again, so long as Mrs. Maxwell likes you, and favors you. You will have a good home, and will be protected from the unpleasant surroundings of an orphan girl who has to pay for her board in those cheap places. Now, if you will give me a scrap of paper I will write my note, and you must contrive to deliver it to him without his perceiving that you know anything of our matters. He will naturally suspect you of being my confidant, and will wish to get rid of you; you must allow him to perceive that you know nothing whatever of the relations between him and myself. I wish you to remain here, Tina, not only on your own account, but in order that you may be able to correspond with me when I desire to learn what happens this side of the water."

"But I shall see you again? You are not going so very soon?"

"Just as quickly as I can bring it about. If I could go this night, it would best suit me. But I dare say it will be some time before I really am ready. The paper, please, child, or I shall be reprimanded for late hours," and Lucille laughed in spite of her anxieties.

The paper was brought, and she wrote:

"I do know that G. N. is in town. I had a visit from him. I also know that he is in prison, so that he can't correspond with me. Before he is let loose I wish to emigrate. I want to go to St. Louis, where I hear there is work for music-teachers. Such a course on my part will doubtless be a relief to your mind—though I had no intention of troubling Mrs. M.'s happiness at present—and you will be glad to get for me the money promised. A dollar is what I want to support me, until, by efforts in a new sphere, I can support myself. The sooner that sum is furnished, the sooner your mind will be at ease."

This she left for Tina to deliver, by leaving it on his dressing-table, where he could not fail to see it when he came home, or when he dressed in the morning; and then, with an ardent embrace of her little friend, who let her out at the hall-door, she ran down the steps in the house in which she was serving. As she was about to go down the area, some one grasped her by the arm.

"Got you this time," said a well-known voice, at which she gave a faint scream. "Didn't have the pleasure of finding you to hum, when I called to other day."

"I—I thought you were in—"

"The Tombs? Oh, so I was, till I came to trial and they couldn't prove nothing, as I knew they couldn't all the time. Then, of course, I was freed to pay my compliments to my lady again. I've had great news for you. You hadn't ought to keep out of my way. Upon my word you hadn't; you're doin' your self an injury."

"Please let go my arm. I have nothing to say to you."

"Truly, now? But jist let me tell you that I've been down South, and I seen him, and had a good long talk with him."

Lucille trembled from head to foot; he could feel it, as he grasped her arm, and he smiled maliciously.

"You see it was getting warm weather," he went on, in a mocking tone, "an' I had to take a tower for my health. Circumstances made it advisable for me to leave town for a time—one o' my passengers lost his pocket-book in an unaccountable manner, an' I understood the police was a-goin' to hold me responsible—a most unkind proceeding, I must say—for the gentleman's loss; so I thought 'twould save trouble all 'round, and be the fashionable thing, too, to take a tower. Now, if a pusion can mix business and pleasure, to the same time, he's a-killin' two birds with one stone. When I had to decide in what direction, I says, 'South America, why not?' and I ships in a sailing vessel, pays my way like a first-class passenger, an' a nice time I had of it goin' down. When we arrived at Maracaibo, I lost no time, Missus, in findin' out the house to which the senator belonged."

"I was a little disappointed to find that he had gone to Panama or some railroad business, and wouldn't be back for some weeks; but, as I'd nothing to do, I waited. Mighty sight

easier a-layin' around there loose in the summer weather than drivin' a hack in New York. Wal, the senator come back, an' I met him by chance, an' I had a little talk with him, an' I excited his curiosity to that pitch he was ready to come down handsome with almost any amount. Fact is, he paid me a cool two thousand before my story was all told, he was so surprised and interested."

"Oh, how could you do it?" moaned Lucille, her voice husky, as if her throat was parched. "Where is he now?"

"Shall I write an' tell him you was so kind as to inquire after him?"

"I don't care what you do. Let me pass; I wish to go in."

"And go in you shall, my lady, now that we know in what nest the bird is."

"We?" cried Lucille, involuntarily casting a glance about her, as she broke from the man's hold and hurried down the steps.

Hasty as was her glance, she was positive that she saw a figure, wrapped in a cloak, standing in the shadow of the tall brown-stone houses across the way. His figure!

It seemed to her as if she were an hour descending the area steps and ringing the bell, and as if it were an age before the sleepy servant admitted her. She pushed wildly past the girl, when the door was opened, cried to her to bolt it fast, and sunk upon a chair, her heart palpitating as if it would leap from her breast.

"I have had a fright! A rough fellow spoke to me," she said in explanation, as soon as she could command her voice; then, without waiting for more words with her companion, she hurried up to her own little room, fastened her door, and flung herself on the bed, saying:

"My refuge invaded so soon. It was he! He has returned, and for me! In three days more I should have been away—safe on the wide ocean. Now, oh, now, where shall I hide myself?"

(To be continued.)

EVENING.

BY FRANCES MARIE COLE.

With folded hands the dead day lies
In violet dusk and May's sweet nois;
The light has shuddered from her eyes
And from her cheeks the rose.

The peace of evening crowns the dead
And damps with gracious tears the air;
The gold that erstwhile lit her head
Now lives upon her hair.

And lives the "light I love the best"
Within these crystal mirroring wells;
The kisses of the morn have pressed
Your lips, the red bloom tells.

So close and warm that eve's cool tears
Can scarce the rapture lave away;
Blush brighter, love, Eros appears,
His closer thrill to lay.

If the prone day of warmth is left
Repose she in stary state;
Time lapses, and the world she left
A resurrection wait.

Beloved of mine, though life is change,
And fond hearts take unto them wings,
Ains, sometimes, within the range,
I think, of fleeting things.

There cannot be the arid space
That holds a furrow deep and wide,
Where, with time's suture on her face,
Our lifeless love might hide.

If passion failed and hopes went out
Should we a resurrection wait?
Resurgam is not 'graved about'
That shut and sealed gate.

BIG GEORGE,

The Giant of the Gulch:

OR,
THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MILLER," "OLD RULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DEED OF DARING.

"Yan's your critter, boss," cried Cotton-top, reappearing before the doctor's office, leading two horses by their bridles. "Leastways, of 'tain't yourn it's the best I kin do. I don't reckon they're any other fo-legged animal shaped hoss-fashion in these yar diggins."

"It will answer," hastily replied Little Cassino, leaping into the saddle, seemingly sound as a dollar. "I forgot—my horse is dead. Up, man—mount! Every minute now may be worth a life—mount!"

"Jest as you say, boss," and long-legged Cotton-top hung himself over the saddle. "You're the injuner o' this machine; I'm only the stoker, but I'll 'bey orders of I bust a biler."

"Come, Gaspard—lead the way!" impatiently cried the doctor, turning toward the Mexican, who smiled faintly.

"It will have to be slow then, senior. I covered the last five miles in half an hour, over the mountains, on foot. My horse stumbled and broke its neck. Jose said *hasty*, and I did not stop to take breath. I am only flesh and blood, senior."

"You must get him a horse, Cotton-top."

"Ef I do I hope I may be cursed!" blurted interposed the digger. "You ax too much, boss—you do so! I cornbated the critter as you've gut between your legs—it's Blue Johnny's brag, plug, an' he'll be jest rip-nortin' blind mad when he finds 'tain't to be found; but I'll be all over doggoned ef I run the risk of bein' strung up for hoss-stealin' to save the legs o' any flea-breedin' greaser this side o' go-mently—so thar!"

"If the senior wouldn't mind, and his horse will carry double," muttered Gaspard, doubtfully, "I can get a mount at the Spanish Quarter. It would not be much out of our way."

"Up with you—behind me," tersely uttered the doctor.

The Mexican nimbly sprang upon the "corn-fused plug's" haunches, retaining his position with the ease of a monkey, despite the plunges and desperate bucking of the animal. A liberal taste of the spurs soon put an end to this exhibition, and then the trio rode rapidly through the almost deserted town and out through the valley.

Cotton-top contented himself with keeping close upon their heels, and if ever mortal's face expressed unmitigated disgust, his was that face. He had made up his mind that Little Cassino was badly injured, that only long and careful nursing could bring him through safely. Though grumblingly—for that was second nature to him—he had undertaken the task, throwing his whole heart into it, and now this Mexican must come and spoil all.

"Durn his ornery hide!" wrathfully muttered the deposed nurse. "Ef I ever ketch him out—"

During the first half-hour's riding, Cotton-top watched the doctor nervously, his lips

puckered up all ready to say "I knowed it!" at the first sign of his giving way; but the words were never uttered. Little Cassino rode and bore himself as though he had never known a hurt or moment's illness, and not a word was uttered aloud by any of the party until the Spanish Quarter was at hand.

"A thousand thanks, senior," cried Gaspard, sliding to the ground and the cluster of huts was sighted. "Keep right on through the pass. I will overtake you by that time," and he ran swiftly toward the settlement.

"Yas—with a gang o' flea-kivered cutthroats like hisself!" grunted Cotton-top, taking care that his revolvers worked freely in their cases. "Ef temptin' Providence trustin' them yaller-bellies—but I hope they'll come—the hull doggoned tribe! I feel jest like chawin' somethin' into shoe-strings."

"You'll not have the chance at them this bout, old man," quietly replied Little Cassino. "I know Gaspard and Jose Sylva. In this matter they can be trusted, if in no other. They have as black cause for hating the Toppers as I have. Ha! yonder he comes—and alone."

Silenced, if not satisfied, Cotton-top resumed his place in the rear as Gaspard, well-mounted, overtook them.

"Now," said Little Cassino; "tell me where Jose is—how did you find him?"

"It is a simple story, senior," replied Gaspard. "You know we have been shadowing him—this accursed Chile Colorado. Jose tried one shot, but missed him."

"Yaller-belly fashion!" sniffed Cotton-top. "A shot from kiver, then runnin' like a skeered coyote!"

Gaspard grinned faintly at the interruption, then resumed.

"We watched them go in the theater, but couldn't get close enough to make sure work; so we waited. You know what followed. We heard the noise; we saw him come out, the lady in his arms. We sprang upon him, but the devil aided him now, as ever. He broke loose, and fled, after Muerte, who had the lady. You came out, then, and we got tangled up for a minute. That was all he needed. He killed Muerte, and rode away, bearing the woman with him. But Jose and I were upon his trail, and though we were upon foot, we kept within hearing of his horse's hoofs. When he struck the mountains, Jose made me return for horses, while he followed on. I did so. He made the trail a broad one. I overtook him soon after daybreak. He told me the game was run to earth; that I must carry the word to you. I obeyed; I killed my horse, but I delivered my message."

"But Red Pepper—will he not escape?"

The Mexican smiled grimly.

"Jose Sylva is on guard, senior. If the wolf attempts to leave his hole, he will die. Besides, he is hurt—maybe crippled. His horse fell in the dark, over a boulder. He kept on, but the trail showed blood-drops, and that he limped badly. He only crept on up the hillside to a cave. You will find him there, dead or alive, senior."

Cotton-top fairly snorted with disgust. Two stout, well-armed men had treed a cripple, yet had hastened after aid to capture him! Only his strong affection for Little Cassino kept him from taking the back trail in high dudgeon. Gaspard could not mistake his meaning, and his snake-like eyes glittered venomously, though he spoke calmly enough.

"We are bound by a terrible oath, senior; I cannot explain further. Only—were it even suspected that we had raised one finger against him, a hundred knives would seek out our hearts' blood, even though we were to hide in the bowels of the earth."

"He will understand you better presently, Gaspard. But now—pass on. 'Tis growing late!"

No more words were spoken. The sun sunk to rest and the shades of night were falling fast, when at a sign from the Mexican they dismounted and secured their animals, then noiselessly stole forward. A low whistle—a prompt answer; then they met Jose Sylva.

"All goes well," he quickly said, anticipating the questions Little Cassino would have asked. "They are in the cave still. About noon he started to come out, and only for an accident, he would have been cold ere this. A twig caught my trigger, and the bullet flattened on the rock by his side. He has kept quiet since then; has not showed himself once."

"He knows that we are here, then?" exclaimed Little Cassino. "Is there no way by which we can take him by surprise?"

"None. I know the den well. There is but the one entrance—just at that white ledge beneath the dead pine; you see! Only for her 'twould be easy to starve him out."

"She is there, then—you have seen her?"

"Not since last night; but heard her—yes. She was singing this morning."

Little Cassino uttered an incredulous cry.

It was a venture that few men in their sober senses would have cared even to think about, yet Little Cassino did not falter or hesitate for a single moment. Stealthily he crept forward, nearing the little ledge which gave entrance to the cave, using both eyes and ears, though the former were of little service to him just then.

He reached the base of the ledge, and crouched down beside it, listening intently. All was still—so still that he was half tempted to believe that the game had fled, despite the Mexican's confident assurance to the contrary. That fear urged him on.

With knife firmly gripped, ready for use, he rose up and peered over the ledge. All was dark and silent. Then he dragged himself up, lying flat upon the rock. He could just make out the low, irregular outline of entrance. The passage seemed free for him.

Then without a sound he sunk flat upon his face, thrilling in every nerve.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE GULCH.

LONG threatening, the storm had at last arisen which bade fair to sweep the Pepper brothers from the face of the earth. A storm that had been brewing for many a month, needing nothing but a stout heart and ready hand to give it direction—and these were no longer wanting. This last brutal outrage gave the needed impetus, now was the hot, deadly lust of vengeance allowed to subside.

As Little Cassino fell, Bart Noble came forward. A better leader, in such a cause, could scarcely have been found. Possessed of a rude eloquence, it was easy for him to fan the fierce flames and keep them to a white heat, knowing his men so thoroughly. Well known to all; cool, skillful and fearless; quick to plan and prompt to execute, Bart Noble cut little time to waste, and soon had his men well in hand. Well mounted, thoroughly armed, they rode out of Blue Earth just as the first rosy beams of day were lighting up the mountain-tops. Two score in all, stout, resolute men, bound for Diamond Gulch, the headquarters of the desperado brothers.

"It'll be no fool play, boys," said Bart Noble, just before starting. "Tain't the Peppers alone. They've got the Lord only knows how many imps-a-workin' fer 'em—nough, anyhow, to bother us like fun ef so be we let 'em git all ready for us. One man under kiver inside that gulch is skil to six outside."

"Ef they's a thousan', we're the boys to chaw 'em up, Uncle Bart," interposed Dandy Dave. "Jest to think o' that gelorous gal—it makes me feel wifish!"

"You jest keep on thinkin' that a way—an' when you git a chance, make your teeth meet in the flesh."

There was little conversation along the road. The feeling was too stern and deadly for that. They were riding to avenge many a black and ruthless crime, and had thought for little else.

The trail was a plain and well-known one, the distance not great, and had nothing transpired to delay them, the fugitive brothers would have run blindly into a trap.

Riding a few yards in advance, his keen eyes roving restlessly in every direction, Bart Noble suddenly checked his horse with a jerk that forced it upon its haunches.

His gaze had been arrested by the maneuvers of several buzzards, slowly circling through the air, hovering above one particular spot, and gradually nearing the earth. He knew that they had sighted prey of some kind. At any other time, this would not have caused him a second thought; but now he felt interested, and slightly diverged from the main trail until he caught sight of the object which had attracted the winged scavengers.

A sharp cry parted his lips, as he pointed toward it. His look of horror was reflected from the faces of his followers.

For the third time within a week had their blood been chilled by that dread sight—a headless corpse, an arm without a hand, a missing finger!

Bart Noble was the first to recover from the shock, and spurred his snorting, terrified mustang forward. But then, with a second thought, he dismounted, flinging the reins to the nearest man.

"You come 'long o' me, Dandy Dave, Shanks and Gopher. Ef ever we're to see through this devil's business, now's our chance. Mind whar you step. Them as did this job couldn't leave without makin' some sign on this sand. Keerful, now!"

The four men paused beside the mutilated corpse. The dark skin, black hair, thin, straggling beard and mustache, together with the fashion of the garments, spoke plain enough. The dead man was a Mexican.

"I can't see through it—it beats my time!" muttered Noble, shaking his head. "They wasn't no Mexicans in that outfit—Harry Love hed fit them too often fer that—he'd sooner chum 'long o' a rattler!"

"Mebbe it's a blind," suggested Gopher. "Some feller hed a grudge ag'inst him—lit in him heavy, then fixed things like this, so folks 'd lay it to them as laid out Hammer Tom and Saltpeper."

"Spread an' look fer sign—ef we kin only git a clue to work by!" added Bart.

The trio obeyed, but their quest was in vain. Though the soil, moist and loamy, was very favorable for receiving and retaining impressions, no footprints, save their own, marked the spot. Puzzled, and not a little uneasy, the trail-hunters finally abandoned their vain search, at a word from Noble. In silence he led the way back to their horses, mounted and trotted off up the valley. One crisp sentence, dropped by Shanks, aptly expressed the opinions of the majority:

"It's a devilish job, an' the devil did it, too!"

It was briefly after this that Big George caught a glimpse of their party, from the ridge-top, and, readily divining the object of their ride, took precautions to avoid the snare into which he might otherwise have ridden.

Only once did Bart Noble call a halt before reaching Diamond Gulch. Then his words were few and to the point.

"A quarter furdur 'll fetch it, boys. Now mind. You've 'lected me boss o' this outfit, an' I'm goin' to run it a'ordin' to my own notions o' what is right. Them as ain't ready to 'bey orders, chuck up from the word go, 'd better skin out now, afore any harm's did. The cuss as acts contrary to my orders 'll hev to lick me the minnit this job is over."

"We ain't afeard to trust you, Uncle Bart," interrupted Dandy Dave. "You tell us what to do, an' we'll do it."

"That's all I ax. You give the word, jest sail in fer all you're wuth! Keep your tools ready an' your eyes wide open. Now, trot up."

Passing around a little island of trees and un-

dergrowth, the entrance to Diamond Gulch lay before their eyes. It was a picturesque spot, but one that the eye alone could do justice to.

The long valley ended abruptly here in a towering range of rocky hills, almost perpendicular, yet studded here and there with evergreens and creepers. This tremendous wall was broken only in one spot—by Diamond Gulch.

The entrance was scarce thirty feet in width here, though nearly thrice that at the top, full four hundred feet above. Nearly all of this thirty feet was occupied by a clear, rapid stream of water, tumbling out from beneath the trees and matted vines that formed a perfect arch above. Upon each side of the stream a narrow trail was visible for a few yards, disappearing beneath the shrubbery. By these trails alone could any person enter the gulch, since the force of the stream was such that no man could have breasted its current.

A rapid glance passed through the little band. Though the majority had seen as much, at least once, it was under different circumstances. The position was well-nigh impregnable, if manned by a few resolute men. What, then, if the Pepper brothers were awaiting them?

Whatever may have been his thoughts, Bart Noble did not hesitate for a moment, but rode steadily on as though resolved to carry the position by storm. All was silent, save the roaring of the little stream. The gulch seemed deserted of all human life. Not a sound, until Noble was within fifty feet of the entrance, then a clear, high-toned voice challenged them.

"Halt! hold your places, or I fire! Who and what are you? What is it you want here?"

"Cool an' easy does it, friend," promptly replied Bart, though reining in his horse. "You can't expect a critter to answer a wagon-load o' questions all to once."

"You have no business here—"

"That you can't know, pard—though you talk like you did," easily laughed Noble. "I reckon this is a free country, an' we've a right to come an' go—"

"Just as far as you have, but no further. Fifty feet from the rock—and from that back to the further end of the gulch—is private property. We've got the papers to show for it. If you pass over that line you do so at your own risk, now you are warned."

"S'pose my business says I must cross it—what then?"

"My business says that if you try it, you will never live to take a second step across it, if there's any virtue in powder and lead," was the prompt reply.

"Your business wouldn't last much longer than mine, anyway, fer you wouldn't live long enough to go to my funeral. But let that drop. I've got business in thar, an' in 'I'm goin', either peaceably or otherwise, jest as the case may be. I don't blame you, pard, fer stickin' up fer your boss; only, to save trouble, mebbe you'd better call him."

"Who is it you mean? who do you want to see?"

"Big George," promptly replied Noble. "He isn't here."

"Then one o' his brothers—I ain't nowise particular."

"They are with him—at the settlements. I believe that you know it as well as I do, or you wouldn't talk quite so brash. You are from Blue Earth, Bart Noble—and there's where Big George and his brothers are."

"No they ain't, or I wouldn't be here axin' fer them. Now look here, pard; let's play a' open hand. You talk like a white man. I don't believe you're the sort to stan' between justice an' a dirty scamp who robbed a poor scil devil of his hard-earned cash, an' then murdered him in the bargain—now, would ye?"

"Who is he—and what's his name?" slowly. "Bob Greenleaf—Sandy Bob, he's better known; a tall, crooked-shanked galoot, squint-eyed an' 's got a red wart on his nose."

"There's no such man been here," was the prompt reply.

"He was trailed clean here—they wa'n't no back tracks. They ain't no other hidin'-place nigh—nuth he hain't went back down the valley, nuth yit crossed the ridge. Mind, friend, I ain't hintin' that you lie, but you must 'a bin asleep when the varmint came in. I know he's in thar, an' we've swore to hev his skelp, no matter who stands in the way. Now thar's two ways. You'll let us in quietly; we'll sarch fer him, an' ef we don't find what we want, why, then we'll leave. Ef you won't—well, we'll come in anyhow."

"All of you wouldn't go out again on your own legs, then. But take it easy. I've sent to see whether you are to enter or not. You'll have your answer in a minute."

"Good enough! Thar's nothin' like reason. I thought I'd arg'e you into the notion o' bein' sensible, ef you only give me time," chuckled Bart, sitting as though perfectly at ease, while every sense was upon the alert to guard against treachery.

"Well, gentlemen, what is it you wish?"

Bart Noble started violently, while a low murmur of astonishment arose from the miners as their eyes fell upon the speaker.

CHAPTER XX.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

PARTING the bushes before her with one hand, stood the speaker—a woman. Only the upper portion of her person was revealed, framed in a network of the dense foliage. A head and bust of marvelous beauty. The face, purely oval in its contour; the rich complexion, pure and clear, yet dashed with the gently-bronzing touch of the sun's caressing fingers; the eyes, large and translucent, now filled with a cold, resolute glow; the full red lips, the rounded chin and swelling neck that sloped down to meet the well-developed, yet perfectly symmetrical bosom; with jewels flashing from her shon hair, her neck, her finely-molded arms; a simple white garment enveloping that portion of her person exposed by the parted bushes—stood the woman, a very queen in looks and demeanor.

A slight smile just stirred her lip, as she noticed the sensation her unexpected appearance had created. A less acute eye than hers would have found no difficulty in translating those looks and muttered exclamations of wonder. But if she experienced a momentary pride at this homage to her bewildering beauty, it was as suddenly subdued. Again she spoke, her voice sounding almost chillingly hard.

"You asked for me, gentlemen. I am here, ready to hear your business. What is your will?"

"We wanted to see Big George—" hesitated Noble.

"He is not here—as none should know better than yourself. Your insolent parody would have ended long since, had the King of Diamond Gulch been here to answer you."

"Like enough—like enough, ma'am," coolly retorted Bart, the scornful tones dissipating the glamour her appearance had cast over him.

"We kin deal easier with men critters than with ladies, sence we know the use of our han's a heap better'n we do our tongues. But never mind that now. I reckon we kin manage to onderstan' each other. Then you hev charge here while Big George is away?"

A cold bow was the only reply vouchsafed this question.

"Good enough! I ax you, then, as I would ax Big George of he was here: is it peace or war? We want to come in thar, with permission of we kin, without it, ef we must."

"You might not find that so easy," was the cool reply. "There can be no entrance here without permission. I have been told your professed object—the pursuit of a murderer. You have been assured that no such fugitive is harbored here. Is not that enough?"

"Seem's believin', ma'am," persisted Bart. "We can't know onef we look. Not that we doubt your word—we're too white fer that; but it'd be a easy job fer any one o' your boys to smuggle in a fri'nd, an' you be none the wiser."

"And if you are denied entrance?"

"We'll keep on axin' jest as hard as we know how, long's thar's one o' us left to pull trigger or han'le a knife."

"If you are allowed to search the gulch thoroughly, and do not find the man you seek, will you then depart quietly, without dispute or difficulty?"

"Sartin," promptly replied Bart.

"Very well; you can enter. And the sooner you are satisfied of your error, the better we will be pleased."

With these words, the woman turned and disappeared behind the foliage.

Bart Noble did not speak, but as he turned toward his party, each man read aright his gesture. It told them to have their weapons ready, to keep on their guard against treachery.

None of this suspicion did the old digger betray as he urged his hesitating mustang along the narrow, rocky trail beside the foaming, turbulent stream, though his eyes roved keenly around, taking in every detail, every means of defense, and impressing them upon his mind for future use. No human being was visible, save his own party, until a rude bridge of tree-trunks was reached, some sixty yards above the mouth of the gulch. Upon the further side stood a woman and two men.

The gulch abruptly widened at this point to thrice its dimensions at the entrance, and the walls of rock beyond swept broadly around upon each side, forming an enormous bowl, or egg-shaped valley, some three hundred yards in width by twice that in length. At the point spanned by the bridge of logs, the stream ran between banks twenty feet above its surface.

Bart Noble took in the situation at a glance.

"You, Shanks an' Dandy Dave, 'll take half the boys an' look to this side. Look into every rat-hole you kin find. Sarch like you was huntin' fer the soul o' a yaller-belly. Ef you jump the game, take it. Alive ef you kin—a hangin'-bee 'd be a good zample jest now—but take 'em anyhow. Gopher an' Blister 'll leave thar critters an' go back to guard the openin'.

The rest o' you come along o' me."

Riding across the bridge, Bart saluted the woman with a respectful admiration which he did not seek to conceal. And little wonder.

She was probably five-and-twenty years of age. Tall and admirably proportioned, her figure symmetry itself. An embroidered chemise of white silk, secured at the throat by a diamond clasp, the short sleeves looped on the shoulder with like jewels, formed her sole upper garment. A short skirt dark maroon, fell to just below her knees. Full trowsers of like color and material were secured at the ankles with bands of gold, meeting tiny boots of stamped leather, armed with golden spurs. A scarlet sash of China crape encircled her waist.

In this were thrust two silver-mounted revolvers and a slender poniard. One hand clasped the muzzle of a light rifle, the stock of which was richly ornamented.

"You are at liberty to make your search, sence," she said, coldly, vouchsafing no other reply to his salutation, and speaking in Spanish though until now she had used the English tongue. "I hope, for your sakes, it may be successful."

"Thar'se, ma'am," replied Bart, to whom Spanish was perfectly familiar, though his profound contempt for the "greasers" would not allow him to use the language unless absolutely necessary. "Ef the warmin't is in here, we'll find him. It's a way we hev, gen'ally. Mebbe, though, you'd like to go 'long o' us, to see we don't make any mistake in the feller."

"I intend to," coolly. "There is much that is valuable lying around, and this is 'cleaning up' day with the miners. As I am left in charge, I am responsible for anything that may be destroyed or stolen."

"We're white men, ma'am; nyther greasers nor pepper-pods. They'll be no stealin' done here long's we run the machine. How it'll be after, in course I can't say."

"Leon," she said, turning to one of the men beside her. "Do you cross over and accompany those fellows. If they interfere with any of the workmen, attempt to molest any person except the man they say they are in search of, give the alarm at once. You understand?"

The man bowed lowly, then hastened across the bridge to join the party led by Dandy Dave and Shanks.

"Now, sence," she added, turning to Noble once more. "I am ready to accompany you. The sooner your search is ended, the better satisfied I shall be. Only—perhaps 'twould be as well for you to warn your ladrones to carry themselves straight. At the first sign of stealing, that moment will I shoot the offender—and I never miss my aim."

"Now look here," exclaimed Bart, fairly nettled at last. "They'se a thing as runnin' a joke into the ground. A man kin make 'lowance fer a woman's tongue, ef she don't go too fur. But when she keeps on callin' white men thieves—a woman as consorts with such double-an'-twisted blackguards as them throat-cuttin', gal-stealin' Peppers—that's jest one grain too much. We're goin' to look through this hole, an' you can't help yourself. You're safe enough long's you keep a decent tongue in your mouth—no ye don't!"

Her eyes flaming with anger, the woman drew her dagger and darted toward him. But Noble dextrously caught her wrist, easily disarming her, while those around him quickly availed the Mexican into submission. The woman abruptly ceased her struggles, and a complete change came over her face, as she said, frankly:

"I was wrong, sence, and I ask your pardon. I have had much to disturb me, of late. I will try and not give you any further trouble."

"That's hearty. Say no more about it. Here is your plaything," and he returned the poniard to its owner.

To all appearance the breeze had blown over, but Bart Noble noticed a significant glance pass between the two, and though he advanced with seeming confidence in his guides, he kept his every sense upon the alert.

Except among the vine-clad bushes which fringed the base of the rugged stone walls, there were few places where a man could hope to lie concealed within the gulch. The houses were first reached. A dozen or more small, bush-walled huts; one more pretentious build-

ing of stone, a few yards distant. These were unoccupied, save by a few women and children.

Passing on, beating the bushes by the way, the party finally reached the diggings, where nearly a score men were employed with pan and rocker, washing gold. Here the party were re-united, each having the same story to tell—no traces of the game had been discovered.

Bart Noble had descended into the huge pit, the better to assure himself that those he sought were not concealed within some of the recesses, when he suddenly became aware that both the woman and the Mexican had disappeared. Instantly suspecting mischief, he sprang to the level and glanced hurriedly around. A momentary gleam of crimson through the bushes guided him, and with a sign for his men to remain where they were, he glided after the clue so athletically as an Indian upon an enemy's fresh trail.

The chase was not a long one. He caught a glimpse of the two standing close together, and with no little skill managed to crawl within ear-shot without disturbing the plotters. The woman was speaking earnestly, and the first words he caught were:

"You will find them there. Bid them, from me, be cautious. Stop their coming, at all events, until they can see the signal that all is well. You cannot pass the month—you must take the other trail. Watch your opportunity. I will engage the ladrones so they will not notice you."

Bart Noble did not wait to hear any more. He knew enough for his purpose, and dextrously retreated until well beyond ear-shot, then arose and leisurely strolled forward, peering into the bushes at every step.

Suddenly the woman appeared before him, pale and agitated. Bart Noble smiled grimly, but said nothing.

"Come—there is yet one spot you have not searched," she uttered, touching his arm with one trembling finger.

These were the words which startled Big George, in the tunnel.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

ASTRAY.

(A Vision.)

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

I was weary and my feet refused
To further climb life's rugged hill,
Long they had bled and oft were bruised
By obstructions which my path did fill.
Hope was declining with the day,
As I looked in the far-away.

A pilgrim, on life's pathway rude,
I sat discouraged, sad and weak,
Surrounded by deep solitude,
Too sorrowful to weep or speak.
No friend a kindly word to say,
To bathe my wounds, soothe my dismay.

No gentle hand to cool my brow;
No whispered hope to greet mine ear,
And lift forebodings dark and low,
That long had haunted me with fear;
No one my sadness to allay,
While gazing in the far-away.

"Oh, pathway long, still left untrod,
I vainly look up to behold
The end of passing 'neath the rod,
O'er thorns and bruising stones all cold!"
I thought, as thus I wretched lay,
And gazed in that dim far-away.

I clasped my hands and breathed a pray'r
All hushed and still and trustfully:
When suddenly around, the air
From darkness turned all radiantly,
And o'er a vision, bright as day,
The glory of a halo lay.

O'er which I now had found control,
My tears again began to flow,
My lips gave utterance to my dole;
A joy I long had ceased to know,
Seemed my sad spirit to infuse,
And these the words it taught me choose:

"Oh, Thou, to whom my heart was closed,
From whom my wayward steps were turned,
In whom no trust I had reposed,
I well deserve all I have earned:
Give me but strength, my past but heal,
I'll trust henceforth, hear my appeal!"

A mildness o'er his visage played,
As I was bowing humbly there,
A hand seemed softly on me laid,
A sweet voice rose upon the air:
"Repentant soul, no more astray,
Rise, follow me, I am the way!"

Oh, ye who drop in such dismay
Along life's path, subdued with grief
By trust and prayer ye'll find the way,
Long lost in darkness—unbelief,
Repentance its reward will meet,
And turn aright your straying feet.

Corsairs of History.

II.—CHARLES GIBBS, THE PIRATE.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHARLES GIBBS was, by birth, an American, his native place being a small seaport on the coast of Rhode Island.

He was born in the year 1794, and came of a most respectable family; but nevertheless he was a wild, wayward boy, bringing upon himself, through his school-days, the censure of his teachers and dislike of his companions, anxious to lead a different life.

Expelled from college for some great misdemeanor, Charles determined not to return to his parental roof-tree, so went on board the United States sloop-of-war Hornet, and enlisted before the mast.

He was on board the Hornet in her action with, and capture of, the British sloop-of-war Peacock, off the Pernambuco coast.

In this engagement Charles Gibbs won honorable mention for gallant services, and when Captain Lawrence, of the Hornet, was transferred to the Chesapeake, he carried the youth with him.

In the battle that soon after occurred between the unfortunate Chesapeake and the Shannon, which resulted in the capture of the former and the death of Captain Lawrence, Charles Gibbs took an active part.

Becoming, by the capture of his vessel, a prisoner-of-war, he remained in Dartmouth prison until exchanged, when he returned to Boston, and abandoning the sea, entered into business, upon a capital advanced by his relatives, who were in hopes he would give up his wayward and wandering life.

But evil still clung to him, for he opened a grocery store in Ann street, Boston, in a locality where dwelt only abandoned women and dissolute men, all of whom were his best customers, until his place became well-known as a most depraved resort.

By dissipation and evil habits his capital vanished from him, and with but a hundred dollars in his pocket he again went to sea, on a cruise to Buenos Ayres, where he entered upon a Buenos Ayrean privateer, upon which a mutiny soon after occurred, regarding the division of prize money, which resulted in the success of the mutineers, their capture of the vessel, and landing of the officers and crew, who would not join them, upon the coast of Florida.

Gibbs was one of the mutineers, and went in

the captured vessel to the West Indies, raising there the pirate flag, and in a short while capturing over twenty vessels, and putting those on board, over four hundred in number, to death.

Having amassed a large fortune, Gibbs left his piratical friends during the year 1819, and sailed for the United States, where, in the city of New Orleans and New York, he led a gay life for awhile, after which he went to Boston and sailed for Liverpool, in which city he lived like a gentleman of abundant means.

There he met a woman whom he learned to madly love, and doubtless his career in the future would have been different from what it was had she exerted a good influence upon him.

But she was not what he believed her to be, a noble and virtuous woman, and the knowledge that she was untrue to herself and to him drove him again into scenes of mad dissipation and vice.

In 1826, again almost penniless, he returned to the United States, and went immediately to Buenos Ayres, which was then at war with Brazil, determined, he stated, "to try his fortune in defense of the republican government."

The governor gave him, upon his arrival, a lieutenant's commission, and he was ordered to join the Twenty-fifth of May, a large ship carrying 34 guns.

Upon this ship Gibbs remained for some time, serving with distinction, and was then placed in command of a privateer schooner, mounting two long twenty-four pounders and having a crew of forty-six men.

In this schooner he made two successful cruises, and then purchasing a half in a fast Baltimore schooner, put to sea, and was captured by a Brazilian man-of-war, which carried him to Rio Janeiro, where he remained a prisoner until the end of the war, when, after a short visit to Buenos Ayres, he sailed for New York.

A year of dissipation on shore, and the adventurous Charles Gibbs embarked for Algiers to offer his services to that piratical government, against France, with which country the Algerians were then at war.

Disappointed in reaching Algiers, Gibbs landed at Tunis, and thence sailed to Marseilles and back to Boston; after a few days' stay in Boston, Gibbs took passage for New Orleans, where he shipped as one of the crew of the brig Vineyard, Captain William Thornby, which sailed from New Orleans in November for Philadelphia, having on board, besides a valuable freight, \$54,000 in gold.

Charles Gibbs, knowing of the money on board, headed a mutiny, killed the captain and mate, and threw one of the seamen overboard.

After his bold murder, Gibbs assumed command of the ship and headed for Long Island, when, arriving in sight of Southampton Light, he divided the money, which belonged to Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, put it in the boats, and scuttled the ship, at the same time setting fire to her.

About daylight they came near the land, when one of the boats struck a bar and sunk, but Gibbs would not go to the assistance of his comrades, although they cried loudly for aid, but stood on and landed on Barren Island, where he buried his money and that of his companions with him, in the sand.

That night they stayed at Johnson's cabin, the only house on the island, but that night Jack Brownrigg, one of the crew of the ship, who had not taken part in the murder of his officers, told Johnson all about the mutiny, murder and destruction of the Vineyard, and he at once set off in his boat, and ere daylight returned with a force and captured Gibbs and his followers, when all were taken to New York for trial.

That trial ended in the conviction and sentence of Charles Gibbs to death, by hanging.

Through the trial and during his sentence the hardened man betrayed no sign of emotion, meeting his doom with a bold face and unwavering eye.

He was allowed six weeks' preparation for death, and "during that time was affable and communicative, and glad to see his friends."

He often spoke of his wife, whom he had married in Buenos Ayres, and his child, whom he dreaded to have hear of his sad fate; but for his wife he did not appear to care so much, as the woman whom he had loved so dearly, and been deceived in, had embittered his heart, almost, against all of her sex.

By a strange ruling of circumstance, that woman, whom he had loved, had led a life of crime, and Fate so willed it that she was a prisoner at the same time and in the same prison with Charles Gibbs; to her, his only love, he addressed two letters during his imprisonment, each letter expressing that there yet lingered for her in his heart feelings of warmest regard.

From one of these letters to the depraved woman we extract the following:

"When I saw you in Liverpool, and a peaceful calm waited across our hearts, and Justice held no claim upon us, little did I think to meet you in the gloomy walls of a prison."

"I have had a fair prospect in the world, but at last I budged and brought forth—the outlaws. I am shortly to mount the scaffold, and to bid adieu to this world and all that was ever dear to my heart; but I trust, when my body is mounted upon the gallows high, the heavens above will smile and pity me."

"Your character is lost, it is true, but when the wicked turneth from the wickedness that they have committed, they shall save their souls alive."

"Imagine that you hear the awful lamentations of a soul in hell, and it would be enough to melt your heart, though it were as hard as adamant."

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BOY STORY OF THE YEAR!

Sunshine Papers.

Conversational Pepper and Salt.

A young lady of excellent social standing and fine education, when reproved in company for using some of the current slang of the day, remarked:

"Oh, I like to hear a little slang! It is the pepper and salt of conversation."

The pepper and salt of conversation! Yes, and very highly seasoned, too, some persons make their conversation. Those people who are equally fond of such condiments, in food and talk, must be delighted to hear the rosy lips of some pretty girl assuring them that she knows such-and-such a course of action is "awfully naughty but nice," or that such-and-such a statement is "too thin," or that they had better "take a walk around the block"—an elegant way of reminding one that they have talked long enough.

But there may be a few mortals in the world who have a weakness for "the king's English," if not exactly in accordance with the dogma of pragmatic Richard Grant White, at least with a *morceau* more of purity than it is spoken by the generality of young Americans.

What tortures the articular perceptions of such individuals must undergo when their walks in life lead them into the thoroughfares of mixed society! For, perhaps, there is no nation in the world where slang is so abundant, or attains such prestige and popularity in really good circles, as in America. Indeed, there are many expressions which seem to have become an accepted portion of the conversational repertoire of otherwise intelligent and cultured people.

This is especially true of business men, who find it much more expressive to assert that such-and-such a firm has "gone up," than that plan is "played out," or that scheme "won't hold water," than to say Messrs. Moneyless & Graball have failed, the Civil Service Reform is a failure, and an inflation policy is worthless. Then there are the younger business generation who think a fellow had better "pony up," when he owes a bill, "prefer plenty of 'soap,' 'spuds,' 'rocks,' 'spondulix,' or 'tin,' to money," who consider Mr. B. "awfully fresh" and Mr. C. "very fly," when those respectable gentlemen are easily imposed upon or remarkably keen-sighted; who declare certain transactions to have been "regular roasts" when they were unusually profitable to only one party; who say, "I'll take none of that in mine," or "That's a grand cram," or "What are you giving us now?" when they doubt a person's assertions; who talk of "putting up a job" when they want to do a little deception; and inform a man that he had better "pull down his vest," "pour the water out of his boots," or "wipe off his chin," when he has talked considerably. While those intellectual young gentlemen who inhabit our colleges and universities flavor their conversations with no end of literary pepper and salt, probably learned from the pages of Virgil, or Cicero, or English literature (?), and clothe their ideas in such elegant phraseology as, "Miss Mollie is a 'bang-up' girl—Fred Martyn is 'no chicken'—the performance was 'a regular snide'—let's have no more 'chimpanzee'—Rapeleya puts on a 'deuced lot of lugs'—that story is 'too gauzy'—he can't do tact 'for a cent'—Eustace is generally 'on the square,' but last night he went on a 'high old racket,' and to-day had to 'cut and smash.'"

All this contortation of English pure and undiluted may be endured when used by the stern sex, however unpalatable that particular style of savory talk may be to refined ears; but is there any excuse for well brought-up

young-ladyism indulging in like expressions? Is conversational pepper and salt really spicy in ladylike repartee, or is it simply vulgar? Is it admissible for Miss Jennie to court criticism by asking, "How's that for high?" or stigmatize an event as a "horrid phizze," or advise a friend, "Don't give yourself away," or to silence a talkative companion with "Give us a rest," or to resent interference in such a sentence as "Whose funeral is this?" or to throw doubt on a statement with the avowal, "That won't wash." True, these peculiarly American colloquialisms are not often frowned upon; but should they not be? Is it not a trifle more for a lady to omit "you bet" in conversation, and say she is exhausted rather than "played out"? And the suggestion is made with the consciousness that it exposes the writer to the liability of being stigmatized as "too high-toned," or given to "putting on frills!"—would it not be a deed of charity, in consideration of some people's preferences, for sisters to occasionally suggest to their brothers that it is as easy for them to say a man is honest as to say he is "white;" and to say he understood a statement immediately, as to assert that he "tumbled to it;" or to ask a friend if he will not acknowledge himself in the wrong, as to tell him he will have to "take water;" or bid a person have his own way, as to order him to "fire ahead;" or to ask a companion if he understood a remark, as to ask him if he "dropped on it"?

But, outside my window, I hear a little girl telling a companion, who has persevered in one course long enough, to "cheese it;" and I will profit by the elegant suggestion and immediately subscribe myself

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE GUIDE-BOARD.

NO. VI.

Go fearin' God, but lovin' more!
I've tried to be an honest guide;
You'll find the grave has got a door,
And somethin' for you 't'other side.

—OLD SONG.

I used to think it must be a fearful thing to die and be laid in the grave, and used to shun the graveyard as though it was filled with some pestilence, for I lived in an old town where the graveyards were ornamented (f) with rude sculpture, supposed to represent grinning skulls and a couple of bones, with such fearful lines under them as to cause a shiver to creep over one while reading the same; and I used to think that death was a dark door and there was nothing 't'other side for you or me.

But, as I wander through the lovely cemeteries, and view the beautiful white crosses entwined with the fragrant flowers, I have changed my ideas concerning mortality and immortality. Graveyards are places where I have my pleasantest rambles—not because my disposition is morbid, but because I like to think, and here my thoughts are less interrupted. I often wonder concerning the sleepers that lie beneath the sod, and ask the question, why more people do not visit these quiet places and learn that great lesson we should all heed—that death is the lot of all, and in the grave we are all equal.

A happy reflection it must be to some that the grave has a door, and that there is something for them 't'other side!

Gentleness wins more than severity, and that is the reason the lines at the head tell us we should look upon the great author of us all as more of a forgiving than a revengeful creature. We keep too far away from Him until some forget him altogether, until we are so blind that we think he has forgotten us.

There is so much desire for display—to outshine each other in dress and ornaments—such an intense desire to be a little above the common herd, that our thoughts are on this world alone. We don't seem to have the laudable ambition of being better ourselves, or of making others better, and a great many of us appear to imagine the better will come without our making any exertion to obtain it.

We say cruel things to, and of, each other—we give advice when we have more need of advice being given us—we preach to others the sermons we pay no heed to ourselves—we are haughty, petulant and overbearing in our conduct toward those whom we imagine to be our inferiors, but who are, in reality, our superiors, so far as goodness is concerned—we are cross to those who do not do as we wish, and we forget

"How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right."

We must correct all this. We mustn't think and say we will "make up" and ask for forgiveness the next time we see such a man. We hope that one you may never see again this side of the grave. Far better not to have these ill feelings. Forgiveness we all need but we might so live as to have less to be forgiven. Better to treat the living kindly than to mourn for the wrong we have done, and the good we have left undone, to the dead. We may say, "if we only had our darlings with us again how kindly we would treat them!" Why didn't we do so while we had them, and why are we not kinder to those that are left?

Try to conquer this evil of thinking too much of number one, and pay more attention to number two. You have tried, eh? Again and again! Well, keep trying! There is no harm in trying, and much good may result from it.

We can reclaim more of those who are on the down-grade by kindness than by severity. Harshness brutalizes beings. Sons and daughters have gone astray through the continual fault-finding of their parents, while a mild reproof and a gentle hand have led them away from the brink of destruction.

Some missionaries mix like their calling; they are more apt to drive souls away from God than gain them for Him. While reproving others, they may be guilty of the same sins they are condemning, without endeavoring to correct those evils in themselves.

But, the world goes on. Every hour the door of the grave is opened, and one more has gone to see what awaits them 't'other side. Soon it will be our turn. It is not such a gloomy thought!

I have preached this "wee bit" of a sermon, and now I am going to strive to correct the errors I have pointed out, for I have written this essay as much for myself as for you, dear reader of our good SATURDAY JOURNAL.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Whitehorn's Poor-house.

ONE of the noblest monuments of our republican land is the poor-house, which is found in almost every county that makes any pretensions of being anyways charitable and thoughtful of its sons and daughters. It is an institution which reflects honor upon the age in which we live, whether we live in the poor-house or

not; and it is always accessible by good, graveled roads, and, if anything, it may be a little too easy of approach. That is one trouble with it.

It is a house of refuge to which every true American can look in the saddest hour of his moneyless life, and content himself in knowing that when the last cent is gone he can still be cent there.

When we lay our plans to make thousands off of our partner in a trade, and the table turns, and he regretfully makes that amount off of us, and leaves us without a dime, the walking is still very good in the direction of the poor-house.

But there is a certain stigma attached to the idea of going to the poor-house from which the intelligent American soul shrinks like a damp coat, and it makes him hesitate whether to go there or starve.

Ah, we would never go there! Sooner would we purchase a quarter's worth of arsenic and try to borrow money than to be wheeled there in a cart. The idea is so preposterous, that we never think of it.

But we feel a certain delicacy in sending to that institution our wife's suits and other poor relations; we hesitate, as it were, before we undertake such a step. It is a great remove; yet we would rather send some distant member of the family than go there ourselves, and as necessity knows no (mother-in-) law, away she goes, and the very thought troubles us on the way to the church or the opera.

If it really becomes necessary to send your grandmother to the poor-house you know how you feel about the matter better than I could describe it to you—you naturally shrink from the idea when you are putting her in the wagon, yet recollecting that life is not all roses and

honey, you pull out your dollar and a half handkerchief and hide your tearful eyes, while you tell the impatient Jehu, who has no sentimental soul about his person whatever, to drive on, so your misery will bespeak itself out of the way, and well on the broad road which smoothly leads to the poor-house.

In the way poor-houses are now managed it is almost a shame to send your aged maiden aunts there, and you lose so much time in coming to the conclusion to do so, that it begins to be a matter of personal loss, as it were.

It is the stigma attached to a trip there at which I am trying to strike, whether I am hitting the head on the nail or not.

It is a terrible reflection to know that the greater part of our relatives are now there under the way the poor-house is at present managed, and it is with a deep conviction of this disgrace that I propose to re-arrange the poor-house business if I am elected to the office which is now waiting for me.

The poor-house will be conducted upon entirely different principles, for, having had an eye upon that institution ever since I started out in life to do for myself and didn't, I have thought of changing the character of it altogether.

I shall build a poor-house in this county which will outvie any rich house in these parts; the expenses to come out of the public moneys, and not at all out of the private moneys.

It is my sole desire to make it a place where you can go without a shade of chagrin. I will make it a place that it will be an honor to retire to, or retire any of your related, but impecunious friends to, and to which you will not be ashamed to go yourself in case of a pinch—which often happens in the best regulated families—where they are regulated in disregard to the pocket-book.

It shall be a mammoth building, with labyrinthine rooms, and elegant appointments, and as there will be no work expected of the occupants there will always be a good run on the house.

Suits of rooms can be engaged at this poor-house by applying to the superintendent, and all that is required will be to show an empty pocket-book.

If you have visitors come to stay with you during the summer, on the second week you can send them to this poor-house for the balance of the time without any heart-aches to them or to you.

Elegant palace street coaches will run to this institution every few minutes, and you can send all your friends on short notice without any discredit to them or to you.

Boots will be blacked every morning and set beside the doors.

Breakfast will be served at any hour you may get up.

Everybody shall be considered as guests of the house, and your visiting friends will be more welcome here, if possible, than they are at your own house.

You can always leave your family here when you take a trip out West to see about your own business, and nobody else; and you can always get them again on your return, if you present your check for the same.

Extensive billiard-rooms, and elegant drawing-rooms will be attached, and all the modern improvements which go to make life happy and contented; and if you are obliged to come here yourselves, it will be an honor rather than a discredit. In fact, it will be happier here than at home.

You shall no longer study days and weeks to conclude whether to send your father-in-law, or the girls to the poor-house, but you will jump at the conclusion right off as soon as you see fit; and if they should be ashamed of yourself, you should be ashamed of themselves.

The delicacy of conch-shell jewelry is much enhanced by settings of diamonds and pearls. A superb ornament for the hair is a feather set with 600 diamonds; the center stone, set like the eye of the peacock's feather, is the Duke of Brunswick's straw diamond, weighing thirty carats. The scintillating flash and sparkle of this graceful ornament reminds one of Shelley's "dissolved opal." The price of this is \$15,000. A magnificent necklace of diamonds, called the Centennial, has twenty-seven stones of incomparable size and beauty. The diamonds massed weigh altogether 200 carats, and the price is \$80,000. A superb pair of solitaire earrings in invisible setting, with ring to correspond, are valued severally \$16,000 and \$5,500. These ornaments have lately returned from the Exhibition.

—Oyster season has come! That's one compensation which the "melancholy days"—the waddest of the year—bring us. Roast, stew, fry, well, we are reconciled to autumn. Will they ever grow fatter? Or smaller? Or become extinct? We have a Frenchman's word for it that that calamity is very remote indeed. M. Gerbe has been studying oysters as well as eating them, and tells us that, in examining 435 oysters, he found that 35 were full of spawn, 127 of them had their ovaries gorged with eggs, while 78 were barren for the moment, though appearances seemed to indicate that their reproductive powers would soon come into play again. From the examination of these oysters, and from similar experiments, M. Gerbe has concluded that oysters can reproduce their kind during the first year, and that even this precocious maturity can happen as often as twice a year. That's enough. A brood of about one thousand and per year, that always stay at home and attend to business—which is to grow and be ready for the plate—is likely to keep coming generations in bliss.

Yours poorly,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—It is remarkable that at a time when the depreciation of silver is causing universal anxiety, China is simply devoid of coin. Interest has run up to 36 per cent., and money is hardly obtainable at that rate in the Shanghai market. The hoarding of coin is carried on extensively throughout the Celestial Empire.

—An amateur bull-fighter killed two bulls in the presence of 10,000 people, several weeks ago at Barcelona. He was screened at night, and gave his share of the proceeds of the fight to the hospital at Barcelona. Now, it is in order for those who "fight the tiger" to give a tenth of all their earnings to a hospital for broken characters and lost reputations.

—Nevada never held 60,000 people. It contains one desert which alone covers 30,000 square miles. None of the mountain Territories will average one acre in twenty fit for cultivation. Nature can't afford too much richness in a given spot. She places her mines, usually, in the most sterile and forbidding regions. Nevada is, all probabilities, the richest in *lodes* of any country in the world.

—For scarf pins and finger rings the cat's eye has become one of the most fashionable stones used. It is a species of the sapphire, and the most desirable color is of a yellow-green tint. It has threads of white asbestos within it, and the light is reflected from these in an intense and peculiar manner. When this stone is properly cut, a white band of light is seen floating in its interior, that changes position as the gem is moved before the eye, which peculiarity probably suggested the name by which it is generally known.

—Speaking about Nevada's treasures, we are told that an English writer has been engaged in estimating the amount of gold in bulk in the world. He says that it could, if melted in a lump, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square by sixteen deep. A small lump, indeed, to cause so much crime, and sin, and misery. It may seem singular that such recklessness should really exist, and yet we think that we could lay our hand on a man who would be perfectly willing to have that lump stowed away in his cellar, and stand his chance with the sin and misery. It is strange how men will consent to sacrifice themselves, but we believe this friend of ours would do it. His address may be procured by writing to us and inclosing a sample of the gold.

—Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface and continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so as to give free liberty to breathe, and if he will use his legs, as in the act of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with the hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in many cases.

—The sweetest little bear story of this blessed Indian summer comes from Atlanta, Ga. Recently a negro, while walking through a meadow, suddenly realized that he was very tired, and straightway determined to take a nap. So he got behind a haystack near a fence, to give an air of reality to the story, it may be stated that the fence belonged to a Mrs. Cousins, who lives not more than seven miles from Dalton—and was soon sound asleep. He not only slept but snored, and snored with such vehemence as to frighten a colored brother who passed that way. The sound was utterly unlike anything that the saunterer had ever heard. He recoiled the haystack at a safe distance and saw what he thought was a bear's head, but which was in reality the No. 12 brogans of the sleeper. He ran off for his gun and summoned another negro to the chase. The two sportsmen crammed their guns with bird-shot, and, holding an intrenched position behind two trees, took aim at the haystack, and when the brogan moved slightly, fired nervously but only too accurately. The bear not only growled but swore, and swore with even greater volume than he had snored. The bird-shot in the bear was as thick as caraway seed in a Christmas cookie.

—When David Livingstone was a boy, he was obliged to be at the mills by six o'clock every morning, and he did not leave until eight o'clock in the evening. It might be well supposed that the little factory boy would have been glad to rest during the short time that he was not at work. But a lad with such a spirit of determination as David possessed was not easily to be deterred from pursuing the course which he had marked out for himself. When he received his first week's pay, he forthwith purchased a Latin grammar with a portion of it, and within a very short time joined an evening school. This school was a very humble one, and it was partially supported by the owners of the cotton mills for the benefit of those employed by them, the dominie who carried it on being thus enabled to give instruction at a low rate to his pupils. David began to learn in real earnest, continuing, night after night, to attend the school until ten o'clock, and then devoting two hours—sometimes more, unless his mother prevented him by taking his books away—to the preparation of the following day's lessons; and so absorbed was he in his thoughts that the hard work in which he was regularly engaged seemed almost to be lost sight of by him.

—Black enamel is no longer fashionable in rings. Sapphires are much sought for, and the general style of setting is both marquise and square. The Oriental style is visible in all kinds of jewelry, from the magnificent chateleine and watch to the simplest ring in Indian colors in enamel and a great variety of stones intermingled. The delicacy of conch-shell jewelry is much enhanced by settings of diamonds and pearls. A superb ornament for the hair is a feather set with 600 diamonds; the center stone, set like the eye of the peacock's feather, is the Duke of Brunswick's straw diamond, weighing thirty carats. The scintillating flash and sparkle of this graceful ornament reminds one of Shelley's "dissolved opal." The price of this is \$15,000. A magnificent necklace of diamonds, called the Centennial, has twenty-seven stones of incomparable size and beauty. The diamonds massed weigh altogether 200 carats, and the price is \$80,000. A superb pair of solitaire earrings in invisible setting, with ring to correspond, are valued severally \$16,000 and \$5,500. These ornaments have lately returned from the Exhibition.

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Yours poorly,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

We must decline: "Hallow Eve Story," "The Pearl Ear-rings," "The Demotic Refuges," "The Day of Dawn," "A Boy's First Loss," "The Refugee of the Hills," "Old Dave Crownsett," "A Widow by Proxy."

The following we file for use: "Around the Capitol," "Willow Brook," "Something of a Butterfly," "Keeping the Record of the Hours," "Madge Morris' Method of Making Money," "A Case of Love at Third Sight."

DE LA E. No use to name price for contributions. The publishers alone do that.

EXPRESS. If the MS. came underpaid we presume it has gone to the Dead Letter office.

CHAS. D. G. We cannot hunt up a manuscript sent in six months ago.

A READER. Cannot supply the papers so far back. Thanks for your appreciative words.

LITTLE VOLCANO. The person named is playing on the stage.—The character is essentially fictitious.

MISS O. S. D. Sketch good as to subject, but somewhat crude as a composition. No stamps for return.

CHAS. R. L. M. Have returned sketch. Have too much of that class of matter already in hand.

OLLA M. Keep on trying, if you would succeed. We can, however, use no matter that is not both well conceived and well written.

MISS MADGE. Copyists are usually paid by the hundred words while working on documents or legal papers, though many work by the week in offices. You must write a very plain round hand, and know how to write with orthographical and grammatical correctness. The private copyist, indeed, is, like a proof-reader, expected to indicate obvious errors, that they may be corrected in the original. The copyist of legal and public papers has merely to follow copy but be accurate in spelling, use of capitals and punctuation.

J. R. J. Hunting and trapping, as a profession, is prosecuted with success only by those habituated to life in the wilderness. It is almost one constant succession of privations and dangers, and the results are very uncertain. It is followed by men who care but little for the "comforts" of civilized life and who do not go into it to make money, but who are probably accepted as a sacrifice to the boys who think they would enjoy the life making nothing about it. Game now is driven so far to the Northwest that the trapping dangers are very remote. Stick to your farm!

CAPT. JACK. Millard Fillmore was born at Summer Hill, New York, January 7, 1800. In 1829 he was elected to the New York Legislature. In 1839 to Congress. In 1849 elected Vice-President. On July 3, 1850, by the death of Gen. Taylor, he succeeded to the Presidency. He was never elected to the Presidency, and when his term expired he passed from public life. He lived in Buffalo and there died a few years ago.

MARY L. The spirit of independence is creditable to you; and young ladies having needs and tastes ungratified, by reason of their limited means, are but acting sensibly to earn the money they desire. A clerkship is honorable and of fair compensation. Sewing does not "pay"—the compensation is too small. The ladies whose aunts assist them are exceptionally well off. If the opportunity does not offer try and make the opportunity for yourself. You certainly seem wise enough for that.

BRIDGEMAN MAN. The story you refer to, of the Apple-tree at Fochberg, is, that bears fruit, and sour fruit from the same limb, is no novelty, and was not produced, as the item states, by one William Babb, who lived in the year 1800, but by one together. The idea is simply preposterous. The apple is really the old "As-you-like-it" variety, and is, really, much older than any apple of which the origin is wholly unknown. It is streaked in its quality—the sweetest parts being of a light yellowish hue, while the acid sections are of a green cast, so you can cut it sweet or sour, as you like. Therefore, just knock that William Babb story right in the head.

L. BURLING, Boston, says: "Some ten years ago I was very well acquainted with a young girl, very fond of her, and our parents were friends. We moved away from each other, to distant States, and all communication between our families and us, died out. A few weeks ago a gentleman and his wife moved near to my residence, and I recognize the lady as my old friend and playmate. Evidently she does not know me, I too, am married. Under the circumstances would it be out of the way for me to speak with her, and renew our acquaintance, and invite her to come and see me, and to tell me better way would be for you to tell your wife all about the lady, and then ask her to call upon her, as the first call is usually made by the wife to her neighbor; but the best plan would be for both you and your wife to make a social evening visit to your old friend, thereby affording an opportunity for all the parties to meet at once."

MAIME SILLIMAN says: "Not long ago I made a morning call upon a lady acquaintance, and while there her husband came in and urged me to remove my wraps and sit down. He had, I think, extended no such invitation, but joined in her husband's, but not very warmly. As it happened, I could not possibly refuse. I sat down, and he would like to know what I thought to have done had I been in a position to make a choice. Had the husband any right to extend such an invitation? My wife's second

WILLOW BROOK.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

I know where the wild-flowers sweetest grow
Where the trees cool shadows cast,
Where the softest and balmy breezes blow,
And the sunbeams linger last;
Where over the distant, misty hills
A purple twilight broods,
And the silvery song of the wild-bird trills
Through the elin-phant woods!

There the lily's fragrant blossoms fringe
The banks of the shining stream—
That winds through woodlands leaf-strown
ways—
With a silver-tinted gleam;
The purple blooms of the stately flag
Send over the waters bright,
And the butterfly spreads his gaudy wings
To bathe in the sunny light.

There through the amber, summer days
Sweet, winsome echoes ring,
And there the summer's fragrant flowers
Their brightest offerings bring;
The willows nod their graceful heads
And droop to the winding shore
With a tender care for the violets fair
That spangle the grasses o'er.

The autumn sunshine lingers long,
And weaves a glory that winter seem
To shine with a radiant fair.
Sweet "Willow Brook!" The years may change,
And the seasons come and go,
But the blue skies bend as softly down
As they did in the long ago.

Yet hearts lie under the daisies fair,
And the trill of the wild-bird's song
Ne'er reaches those that are dead in death,
Or wakens their slumber long!
Ah! tender flowers that groweth up
Through summer's dew and rain,
Ye blossom over feet that ne'er
Will walk these paths again!

Great Adventurers.

HENRY HUDSON.

The Explorer of the Hudson.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

No more daring or skillful navigator or more enterprising adventurer adorns the world's history than Henry (Hendrick) Hudson. His adventurous life and melancholy death make up a record of singular interest.

Hudson's first recorded voyages of discovery were in search of a passage to the Indies, by way of the North. In this quest some of the most renowned navigators had been baffled, but private enterprise kept up the search. Because Willoughby and Chancellor and Frobenius and the Danish explorers had failed it was no reason to doubt that there was a north passage; so the merchants of London raised a liberal sum and dispatched a little vessel under Hudson to try and find the open path. In this very small craft he ran direct for Greenland (1607) and coasted along its shores far to the north, but was forced by the ice barrier to run out to sea toward the east and thus came upon Spitzbergen. Then the icebergs drifted so thickly as to wholly block the way, and not caring to endure a winter in those dread climes he put about for home.

This was followed by a second voyage, the succeeding year, to the same regions, but again he was confronted by the ice barrier in his attempt to reach the open sea which he believed existed around the North Pole. He ran east, however, as far as the island of Nova Zembla, where he landed, but could proceed no further and once more turned his face homeward.

This failure to penetrate to the East, by the north of Asia, caused the London merchants to withdraw from the scheme; so Hudson passed over to Holland to solicit aid from the Dutch, who were then the chief traders with the East Indies, by way of Cape of Good Hope. The enterprising Hollanders gave a willing ear to his propositions, and in the succeeding year (1609) in the little brigantine *Crescent* he started, under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company—then the most powerful commercial organization in the world. The design was to find the coveted north passage. He sailed (April, 1609), direct for Nova Zembla, but was too early; the ice-field reached far to the west and south of it, unbroken; so he doubled Greenland and running before severe north winds reached Newfoundland in July. Thence he carefully cruised along the coast of what the French then termed "Acadia," until he entered the Penobscot river. Tarrying, for a week, for repairs, he passed on southward, on the sharp look-out for any open water that reached to the west. He landed at Cape Cod—of which he thought himself the discoverer, and called it New Holland, not knowing that others had been there before him. He ran down as far as the Chesapeake Bay, but from that point returned on his course, resolved to explore each estuary.

Now commenced original discoveries. The Delaware Bay was particularly examined, and passing along up the lowland line he at length (on the evening of Sept. 24, 1609) sighted the highlands (Navesink), where he anchored that night, delighted with the fine prospect before him. The next day he cruised along the land-line, and discovered what he called three great rivers—supposed to be the "Kills," the "Narrows" and Rockaway inlet. The latter he sought to enter but was prevented by the sandbar, and at length anchored in the present "Lower Bay," off Staten Island. Here the vessel remained for a week, while, with the small boat, he was examining the adjacent shores. The crew first landed at what is now known as Coney Island—allured by its splendid fishing—the first white men who set foot on New York soil. The natives put out in canoes to visit the strange visitors, and, as Hudson treated them with kindness, they soon brought him gifts of corn, vegetables and tobacco, and in return giving them axes, shoes and stockings. The axes and shoes they hung around their necks as ornaments and the stockings they slung at their waists for tobacco-pouches.

Soundings were made of the Narrows, and on the 8th a boat's crew was dispatched to explore to the west. It passed through the "Kills," entered what is now Newark Bay and examined its western shore, to see if it led westward. On the return, when at Bergen Neck, the Indians fired upon the crew. One sailor, named John Coleman, was shot through the neck and killed and two others were wounded—an act which greatly incensed and grieved Hudson, for the dead sailor had been his companion in his Arctic voyages. It filled his heart with distrust, and thereafter he was always on his guard. It is presumed that the crew really went ashore on Bergen Point and had committed some indignity on the Indians there, which the savages quite naturally resented. This was the first white man's blood shed in the beautiful domain so soon to become the seat of empire. The next day (Sept. 9th) a boat's crew pulled away to Sandy Hook, with the

body of their dead comrade, and on the point yet known as "Coleman's Point" buried poor John Coleman in the first white man's grave those solitudes had known. The burial was made on that distant point that no savage might know the place of sepulture or disturb the remains.

Sept. 11th the little vessel lifted anchor, hoisted sail, and, with a favoring breeze and tide, swept in through the Narrows, when the beautiful land-locked bay, with its islands and extensive shore line was revealed to the navigator's enraptured vision.

The surrounding landscape was of remarkable beauty. Magnificent forests came down to the water's edge. The atmosphere was redolent of the sweet odors of the land. The hills rose up grandly near and far. The waters swarmed with fish, and away to the north, as far as the eye could reach, flanked on the west by the stupendous palisades, ran a wondrous fine river, pouring down such a volume of water as might well have inspired hopes of a way to the Indies. Birds in myriads filled the air and the forests with their song, and on the bosom of the crystal deep rode innumerable water-fowl, rising in clouds as some Indian canoe disturbed their repose, or the white-winged vessel startled them like the apparition of a monster water-bird.

Anchoring well out in the bay, he remained there for a day. Though the Indians came out in considerable numbers—men, women and children—in canoes loaded with vegetables, oysters, fish and furs, to traffic and keep up friendly relations, Hudson permitted none of them on board. The loss of John Coleman made him distrustful and wary. Weak as he was in vessel and crew, the savages might easily overpower and destroy him if the opportunity offered; so he wisely kept them off his decks, and went on his way in quest of that longed-for passway to the China seas.

September 12th the *Crescent*, once more taking advantage of wind and tide, hoisted sail and headed up the noble river, which he christened *The Godt*, and slowly made his way up it, to be everywhere welcomed with delight by the Indians, who thronged the banks and in gathering crowds followed the vessel, in canoes, and, where practicable, by running along the shores. The sublime scenery of the Highlands filled him with awe and wonder. It seemed to him the Promised Land, and he could not help picturing the near future when it would be the seat of a grand civilization. Wherever he landed it was to be received with the utmost deference and honor. Feasts of wild game were provided; games were improvised; presents freely given; and the navigator at length (Sept. 19th) reached the present site of Albany with a guard of honor composed of a hundred canoes.

At that point he found, to his extreme disappointment, that there was no hope of a pass to the west. The river was soundly above, twenty or more miles further, until it shallowed to seven feet. Then he knew it was only a river, and headed again for the sea (Sept. 23d).

As he approached the head of the big island (Manhattan) he was there met by a considerable body of savages in their canoes, bent on hostility. They approached the vessel in swarms, but were beaten off, when they discharged a shower of arrows and again tried to board the brig. A few musket-shots were then fired and two of the Indians killed. At this they scattered in dismay, but rallying again, attacked the brig as she approached the point now known as Fort Washington. Once more a few musket-shots were ordered by Hudson, and nine of the warriors in "war-paint" were slain. The noise of the muskets (the old Dutch word) and the terrible effect of the bullets put the whole horde to flight in consternation, and the *Crescent* anchored in safety off the west shore, where Hoboken now is.

The cause of this attack was in Hudson's own conduct. As all vessels visiting the New World deemed it the proper thing to steal a few natives to bear back with them as trophies, so Hudson, when he first anchored off Sandy Hook, had seized two of the finest warriors who had come off to his vessel and had put them in close confinement below decks, to take them back with him to Holland; but when he ran in the harbor and up the river, the captives escaped, and by their influence the savages had gone upon "the war-path" to avenge the wrong done their braves.

Hudson sailed for Holland October 4th; but first landing at Dartmouth, in England, the English were so excited over the reports he brought, and the evident advantages his discoveries were to give their rivals in Amsterdam, that the authorities forbade his departure from English soil; so his mate took the *Crescent* over to Amsterdam, along with all his records of the voyage, and the goods he had secured.

Disappointed as were the Dutch over the failure to find the passage to the East Indies, the Company refused to equip him for a second voyage to America, as he proposed; but the English, again inspired with his zeal, fitted out a vessel in which he sailed, April 17th, 1610, for the north-west, to continue the exploration for a passage around or through the North American continent. His barque, the *Discovery*, was of eighty tons burden, and his crew numbered only twenty-three men all told—counting his young son John, who thus far had been with him in all his voyages. June 4th the *Discovery* reached Greenland. Continuing westward, he entered the strait in latitude 60° that now bears his name. Up this he advanced, and when it opened out into a vast body of water—an inland fresh-water sea—he believed that at last he had found the coveted highway to the eastern ocean. Over it he sailed in all directions, exploring its recesses in the search for the opening to the west. Failing to find this, his stout heart refused to turn backward, with the prize so nearly won; so resolved to winter in those remote and inclement regions. It was a stern resolve, considering that he was illly prepared with clothing, stores or equipment for the winter stay.

Running the barque down to the southern end of the bay, he built huts on the shore and wintered in them. All experienced severe suffering; the winter was awful in the degree of its cold and was so far prolonged in the spring that when the vessel was once more released from the ice, and the open water appeared, the crew utterly refused to explore any further, but demanded that the *Discovery* should at once sail for home. In vain the commander reasoned, protested, ordered; they were resolved; so, distributing the remnant of the scant stores among them, with a heavy heart he turned the barque's prow homeward (June 18th) and worked his way carefully through the ice-fields toward the strait. At that point the mutinous crew grew so violent that Hudson uttered threats of putting the leaders ashore. This met with a vicious and brutal retaliation. That evening the mutineers entered his cabin, bound him and his son John, placed them and seven of the crew—four of them being invalids—in his pinnace and cast them off. The barque sailed, and after almost

incredible hardships and suffering arrived in England September 24—only seven of the men surviving. Hudson and his comrades, so wickedly deserted, never were heard of more. They must have perished miserably of starvation and exposure—a sad end of a most useful and noble man.

The memory of Hudson is well preserved in the magnificent river and the vast bay that bear his name, and in the history of maritime adventure and discovery no name shines with brighter luster.

THREE

Links in Love's Chain.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

LINK THE SECOND.

"FOR GOD, A THANKS-OFFERING."

CHAPTER I.

"HOMEWARD bound at last, boys! Hurrah for Old England! Hurrah! Chancy'll never see me no more. Two years since I last clapped eyes on them green hills there."

"Two? Lor! I haven't been home for half a dozen."

"Hilloa! here comes the fast-mate, as long in the phiz as usual. Allers seemed clear that chap had somethin' on his mind uncommon solemnizing. Come aboard us six months ago at Ceylon; got christened 'Steady Ned' that very minute. Ned, how long hev you been cruisin'?"

"A good while, Joe."

"Ho! ho! Close as a clam. I'll bet he's got his own story to tell. Men don't wear a dismal phiz afore they're thirty-five for nothing. Come, mate, give us a yarn."

"Hurrah! Ned's a-goin' to spin a yarn."

"I'd rather not, boys. Maybe Joe Kearney will."

"No! no! It's your turn, Ned, everybody else has given us a screed. Quiet there! 'Steady Ned' is going to tell his story."

"All right, boys, I'll spin ye a yarn; but it ain't a-goin' to be my yarn—I'll tell ye a true tale about a fellow I once knew in the South Seas. Attention, all!"

"Heave ahead, my hearty! Did ye ever see such a close one, boys? Not a word will he say about hisself, never would, for as long as we've sailed together."

"Belay there! no growlin', or I'm mute."

"All right, Ned, all right; no offense. Now then!"

"Well, boys, once upon a time there was a young chap growin' up in a seaport village in England. It's no odds about his name, nor the name of the place, 'cause as ye'll soon see he were no credit to either of them."

"This young chap were destined for to follow the sea; but till he come to the right age his mother kept him at the school, so that he was about as bookish and as sentimental a youngster as ye might find the world over."

"His father had been lost with the *Vigilance* in the Bay of Biscay, and the boy had plenty to keep him out of mischief, between his schooling and his fishing by nights, but for all that he found time to run his head into a noose before he cut his wisdom-teeth."

"He used to go to school with a little girl, an orphan, that lived with her aunt; and them two little fools used to wander through the lanes a-hold of each other's hands, a-starin' in to each other's eyes for all the world like sweethearts, before they was ten years old. And so this went on till the boy were ready for to go to sea, and the girl she were a pretty maid of seventeen or thereabouts, just as sweet as a daisy."

"The young chap was bound for a three years' cruise on the South Seas, and he wanted badly for her to marry him afore he went, so's he'd hev her along of him; but they didn't make much progress afore folks about each other 'cause the girl she were looked after pretty sharp by her aunt, wot were bound she'd marry a fortin, bein' a terrible handsome creetur'. So, all atween themselves, they made it up that they'd get married the day afore they started for Liverpool; an' at the last they up an' told the aunt wot they was about."

"An' he believed as deep in her, an' set as much store by her as if she were a' angel from aloft; ye see she were more'n a sweetheart to him, she were as ye might say a proof of all that was good an' holy in the earth; the lovin'est, innocentest—well, wot God forgive her!"

"For she played him false at last, she did, to his ruin."

"Him as had always looked for'ard to hev'in this here little craft to sail the seas by his side, an' to moor in death's port by an' by with naught but a hawser atween; when she ran up the black flag of piracy an' scudded out of his waters, poor Jack were done for."

"What did she do, d'ye say? Just this away:"

"She up an' tells him—a couple of days or so afore the weddin', it were—that she'd been makin' a fool of him all along, that she didn't care for him, an' that she were a-goin' for to be married to the rich old squire as had been picked out for her by her aunt."

"He went off with that in his pipe, an' by glory! it spoiled him complete."

"He felt that when his faith in that girl was wrecked he'd as lief go to the bottom with it as not."

"He used to walk the deck at night, flinging curses at her and at the God who made her; and fairly longed for some mischief to turn up that he might blacken his soul, and be so sure to meet her some day down below."

"And, by my faith, he had his wish."

"They were wrecked off the Cape, and Jack and another chap was picked up by a Malay pirate, and offered their lives if they would serve aboard of her."

"Jack agreed, but t'other bein' an honest rat, wouldn't, and got pitched back into the sea for his pains."

"That's how Jack come to turn rover on the high seas, and rover he was for ten long, bloody years."

"Lord! what scenes that man went through! 'Sights that would thicken your blood, never daunted him; he only come out the harder."

"When the pirate captain was killed in a fight, they chose Jack in his place, 'cause he was such a flint, and they called him Captain Dare The Devil."

"They was a terrible crew, a score of murderers all told, and a demon that hated every livin' thing for their commander; yellow Malays every soul of them except the captain and the cabin-boy, Jim, a misfortunate youngster they had got hold of in one of their raids."

"Their ship was a regular clipper, trim and taut as a fish, and could out-sail and out-man-oever any craft that sailed them waters, that wasn't a man-of-war."

"She carried false ports, too, and looked as innocent as a pleasure yacht till the time for action came; and then, boys, she knew how to show her teeth, ay, and use them, too!"

"Ye've heard of Dare The Devil, the scourge of the South Seas, and his ship, the *Fury*? Who hasn't? Ay, indeed! ay, indeed! Poor man! And he blamed a woman for it all!"

"They was cruisin' off Mozambique one fine day, when a trader come up from the Cape bound for Madagascar. Dare The Devil, he was always on the look-out for them Malagasse traders, bein' as they was richly laden; so, in a jiffy he overhauled her, and at it they went, hammer and tongs."

"The trader showed plenty of pluck, and fended off the *Fury* with her two rusty guns like a game one; but, bless you! it were no use, the pirate was bound to have her, and ripped her all to splinters in no time."

"The savages swarmed aboard the crippled hull while she lay at their mercy, and put an end to the last man on deck, and then down they tumbled into the cabins for to plunder her."

"All on a sudden Dare The Devil come on a curious sight in one of the state-rooms off the captain's cabin."

"He see a young woman standin' up with a baby in her arms, keepin' guard over a man that lay on the floor beside her."

"She didn't make no outcry when she see' him, although Dare The Devil was a horrible sight when fresh from a battle; but she just looked down at the man that lay on the floor, and said, as quiet and gentle as anything:

"'Husband, our time has come!'

"You better believe that took Dare The Devil all aback, for he was used to sendin' folks into the next world to the music of their screams; and to see this poor creature calmly waitin' for her death-blow, kind of gave him a surprise, and made him want to stop a bit afore he put an end to her."

"Who are you? says he."

"When she heard him speak she turned right round, and said as quick as light:

"'I'm your country-woman, if I may judge by your tongue. By the honor of an Englishman, I ask you to protect us three from death.'"

"That might have done for most men, but him—ho! he! ye might as well appeal to the fowl fiend hisself."

"'Ye expect more'n you'll get from the Scourge of the South Seas,' says he, for he was proud of the name in them days; 'we give no quarter to our foes.'"

"'I never harmed you,' says she, 'and this baby never harmed you, neither.'"

"'Didn't I see your husband on deck, fightin' agin' my men?' asks Dare The Devil, seisin' by the blood on his face that the man were wounded."

"'He's a missionary,' says she; 'he never fights. He were on deck tendin' the wounded, when a splinter struck him, and they carried him down here. And so ye've no excuse to kill us,' says she, lookin' hard at Dare The Devil as if she pitied him somehow, 'and surely ye won't lay such a sin on your soul in cold blood.'"

"It cut him to the quick to have a woman pity him, when he thought all women false, and he made as if he would fly at her; but says she, sorrowful like, half to herself:

"'Alas! and he were once as innocent as this here infant!'

"That hit hard!"

"He turned on his heel, and slunk out of her state-room as if she'd struck him, and next thing he'd ordered his men to let them folks alone, or they'd catch grief."

"But he went at the plunder like a fine fellow, and after riflin' the schooner of every mite worth the carryin', they cut her adrift, and scudded off before a stiffish gale, leavin' the doomed ship a-wobblin' about in the trough of the sea, as helpless as a log."

"Dare The Devil, he weren't the man for to feel remorseful for long; and by the time he had got out of sight of the schooner, and was exalted by the sight of all the plunder spread out in the hold, he began for to wish he hadn't been so soft as to let them folks off, and risk them bein' picked up and tollin' tales on him. So he had two minds about leavin' them, after all, and at last determined to come to anchor as close to the Madagascar shoals as he could, and to keel-haul the wreck in the morning."

"With this, he called his three officers together, and began to carouse over their victory, as they always did."

"It was about midnight; the crew were all in their hammocks, exceptin' the watch, drunk as drunk could be; and Dare The Devil and his mates were going it pretty wild in the captain's cabin, when in comes Jim, the captain's boy, draggin' a small black box, which he lays at Dare The Devil's feet."

"I guess there's treasure in it, it's so heavy," says he, 'and I don't think ye see it afore. I found it—says he, in the captain's ear—hid up in one of them savages' bunks—I guess he were so drunk he thought the time for sharing had come.'"

"So Dare The Devil sent for a hatchet, and stove in the little black box, and emptied it on the table before them all; and what d'ye think the treasure was?"

"Why, a trunkful of books!"

"They all yelled out laughin', and sent Jim off with a flea in his ear; but by-and-by Dare The Devil betwought him to look what the books was; and so he did, and found out they was Bibles and Testaments printed in the Malagasse lingo; and that the trunk had belonged to the missionary."

"And while he were turnin' over the books, he come across a big flat one that didn't seem new like the rest; it had a lot of colored leaves in it, with writin' on 'em, and pictures and locks of hair, and such like. It belonged to the missionary's wife, and had her name on the first page, 'Ann Lebel Arnot.'"

"It were one of them al-bi-ums that ladies keeps for to have their friends write poetry and things into; and she had slipped it in among the books for to carry out to Madagascar with her."

"Dare The Devil were pretty well primed by this time, and in as ugly a mood as drink and badness could put him; and he commenced to read out the poor lady's bits of poetry, jeerin' and mockin' at 'em; while his three chief officers helped him to laugh, though they didn't know what they was laughin' at, no more'n the beasts that perish."

"All at once Dare The Devil come to a page with somethin' unexpected onto it."

"It were a bank-note for twenty pounds, which were stuck in the book with wafers; and when he took hold of it, it turned like a little leaf, and showed somethin' mighty queer writ onto the back of it."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 349.)

SOMETIMES circumstances seem to be against the innocent, but the innocent need never despair. The truth is somewhere in the circumstances, however deeply hidden, and will surely come to the light, if carefully and patiently pursued. Never take a false step for the purpose of avoiding an apparently unfavorable circumstance. Trust the truth, and it will bring you safely out of the wilderness.

Brave Barbara:

OR

FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SWEET INTERCESSOR.

BARBARA sat by a window of her parlor in a London hotel, looking down dreamily and rather drearily into the dull, foggy, crowded street. The spirited head drooped sadly, the proudly-curved lips trembled, and the deep, sweet, serious eyes were bright with tears that grew and grew, ready to fall at a movement of the long, black lashes.

Yet Barbara had nothing to be sad about: so she said to herself. The news was good. Aunt Margaret had been heard from, and was safe and well. The boat in which she had escaped from the burning steamer had been found by a passing ship bound to Oporto, and all its inmates taken on board and made comfortable.

The ship had put in to the first Spanish port and left its rescued ones; and thence aunt Margaret had dispatched messages to New York, and these had been forwarded to London, and she had been answered and directed to come as soon as possible to London, where her niece would be found, along with Mr. Rensselaer and her nephew, all awaiting her arrival.

Barbara's father and Herman were even now gone to the train to receive this precious rescued one, who was coming on the cars from Dover. Barbara was overflowing with joy on that account—yet she did not appear happy.

Herman had been so hateful since he came over—unbearable, impertinent, intolerable. Her eyes flashed through her tears when she thought of it. At first he had been jealous of Arthur Granbury; so jealous, as to treat that hero and gentleman, who had saved her life and been so respectful and so kind and so considerate under all the delicate circumstances in which they were thrown together—treat Arthur with gruff disrespect.

Then, after Mr. Granbury—very low-spirited and dejected at her constant reply to his love-making that she had once loved some one else, and was not then in a state of mind to accept anybody—had left, to transact in Paris the important business which he had too long neglected, to remain with her until he could place her safely in her father's hands; then, Herman had impatiently demanded that she should keep her promise and marry him right away.

This, of course, she had resolved never to do, and she told him so—told him that she had acted only from pique in promising him, that she repented of her folly, that she wouldn't marry him if he was the last man in the world.

"You only want my property, anyway," she had said to him. "I will tease aunt Margaret to leave you all of hers, if that will console you," but he had been ugly and disagreeable, refusing to take "no" for an answer.

It was not the thought of Herman's persecutions, however, which caused those diamond tear-drops to glisten on Barbara's long eyelashes. It was not pity for poor Arthur Granbury's bitter disappointment. She was thinking—as she thought, all the time, night and day—of the cold manner in which Delorme had turned from her at the inn in Dunleath.

Ah! if he had but whispered one word of pleading, she knew that her weak heart would have played traitor, and that she would have gladly forgiven him all, even the deception he had used toward her.

No! it was evident that he did not care for her to recall her first mad words of scorn and dismissal! He was contented to have affairs between them stand as they were. He had another love already!—had not Lady Alice told her all that?

"But I shall never marry Arthur," Barbara thought, as the quivering tears finally fell, staining the delicate silk which rose and fell with her hurried breath. "Delorme may have Lady Alice as soon as he pleases. I understand myself better now—I am not the headstrong child that I was! I will not marry, neither from spite, nor to please the man who loves me, since I do not return the feeling. I have trifled with Herman—shamefully. I will not trifle with Mr. Granbury. He is noble and generous. I will give him a decided negative when he returns from Paris. My life is laid out for me; I am determined how it shall be. I will live always with papa, devote myself to him, until he dies—then, I will join some society for doing good, and will spend my money—"

Her thoughts, which had taken such a flight into the future, were recalled by a rap at the door.

"Entrez," she called out, in her silver voice, thinking it must be the parlor-maid, for it was not yet time for her friends to return from the train.

The door opened, and a delicate little figure, clad in mourning, glided into the room.

"Lady Alice Ross!"

"Yes, Miss Rensselaer. I found your address by getting a friend to look at the hotel registers. I was so anxious to see you before you went back to America. I was determined to find you."

She stopped, panting a little with the excitement of her own purpose, the faint rose-color breaking out in her pale young face; Barbara, brushing away her own tears, running forward to her and catching her two hands friendly and kissing her, and saying:

"I am so glad to see you. Sit down. Isn't it nice that I happen to be alone?"

"Yes, I am glad to find you alone. I want to talk with you."

The blush which had come into her visitor's pale face died out; the young girl who received her felt her color changing too; her very heart almost ceased to beat. She knew, without waiting to be told, that Lady Alice had come to say something about Delorme. Was it to inform her of their speedy marriage? The two pale young creatures eyed each other intently for a minute; it was as if each was trying to read the other's heart.

Finally Barbara said, as a reminder to her companion, that the time for confidence was brief:

"I expect my friends back here in half an hour."

"Miss Rensselaer," began Lady Alice, in a very low voice, "I saw Delorme Dunleath last evening. He is only in town for a day or two—on his way to the Mediterranean—but he paid me a visit—and we had a long talk together."

"She paused; the American girl's unfathomable eyes were fixed on her face, but she said nothing, and the visitor went on:

"We had a long, friendly, confidential talk. Much reason as I have to be grateful to Delorme, and may yet have, I shall never be so grateful to him for any service he may render me, as I am for speaking the truth to me last evening. It was not a pleasant thing for him

*Verrazani really was the discoverer of New York Bay, in his voyage in 1494, but it does not appear that he landed. A storm coming up he ran up the coast and anchored in the haven of New port.

to do—for me to hear—at first. But it was the right thing, and oh, I would not, for the whole world, that he should have failed to explain to me how things really were! You remember I told you that he had said he loved me?—here the poor child blushed, faltered, and the tears sprang into her appealing blue eyes; "it was all a mistake—an absurd mistake on my part, Miss Rensselaer. He put the case of a lady to me, and I thought he meant me, when he did not at all. He has never felt anything for me but brotherly friendship. He told me all—everything!—how he had never loved a woman but one, and she had cast him off!—how he loved her still, and should never care for any other. Then he said to me that, as the girl he loved was indifferent to him—indeed, probably engaged to another—did I wish him to marry me? I was poor, friendless and in trouble—if I asked it, he would marry me, that he might be a protector to me; but that I must understand that he had nothing warmer than a kind affection to give me. It was very hard for me to bear, at first, after I had believed otherwise," continued the pale girl, looking up frankly into the dark eyes fixed on her lips with a strange, startled, eager look; "very, very hard! But I was so glad he told me the truth in time; and I thanked him sincerely, and assured him that I would not marry him now, no matter in what strait I was. 'I have had a lesson,' I said. 'Poor Herbert, I did not want to be forced to marry him, nor do I want you, Delorme, to be forced to marry me; such a union would surely prove an unhappy one. I am not blind,' I said, 'or utterly selfish. You do not quite understand me yet, Delorme' and then I asked the name of the girl to whom he had once been betrothed, and who had cast him off."

"Did he tell you?" whispered Barbara. "Yes, he told me," and Alice's little gloved hand sought hers. "I advised him to seek her out, and try for a reconciliation. 'It is only a misunderstanding,' I said; but my heart failed me, for I remembered how fond of you the gentleman seemed who was with you at the inn," and Lady Alice looked sharply into the flushing countenance before her.

"Delorme Dunleath willfully deceived me," spoke up Barbara, passionately. "Did he tell you, Lady Alice, that he won my promise to marry him under the assurance that I was his first, only love—that he allowed me to become engaged to him without betraying to me that he had been married—that his divorced wife was living—that he had a child?"

She spoke impulsively—her breath came hard, her eyes flashed.

"Yes, he told me all—told me what you had not faith enough in him to wait to hear. May I tell it to you—do let me!"

"Did he send you here?"

"No, indeed! Delorme is too proud for that. He does not dream that I am coming here to-day. I shall tell you—I came here to tell you all—and you must not deny me the privilege. Poor, poor Delorme! If you do not pity him, as I do, then you never loved him, Miss Rensselaer. He was the victim of a vile plot, trapped, fooled—under the guise of a frolic—into a marriage with a woman he did not even respect—for whom he never felt a particle of love," and Lady Alice, speaking swiftly, warmly, eloquently told the whole shameful story, covering Mrs. Courtenay, and the proud countess, too, with infamy, and making out the lad, who was the victim of this selfish conspiracy, the martyr he really had been.

"When Delorme sought your father to ask his consent to pay his addresses to you, he told him the whole story. He desired to tell everything to you, also, but your father thought the story too sad and shameful a one for your innocent ear, and himself asked Delorme to delay repeating it to you until after you were his wife," concluded his eloquent defender. "Delorme did not tell the shadow of a falsehood when he swore to you that you were his first and only love. In all these matters, where he has appeared to disadvantage, he has been the victim of others. Even I had to help disengage him in your eyes," added Lady Alice, again blushing. "And because I had unconsciously done so—and because he is so dear to me that I wish to see him happy—I have come to you, with these explanations, which he is too independent to make, in the hope that you will forgive him. Do, do send for him, and make it all up! It is not too late! But it soon will be! He expects to start on a long journey to-morrow. Miss Rensselaer, are you not engaged to that Mr. Granbury, are you?"

"No," said Barbara, with a sort of sob in her voice.

"And you do still love dear Delorme, do you not?"

Barbara's eyes were sparkling, her cheeks glowing, dimples growing about her rosy mouth; a sudden splendor shone out of her countenance that amazed and fascinated her visitor.

"I believe you do love him," murmured Lady Alice, squeezing her two hands. "I wish he could see you now!—you look as happy as an angel."

"Do!" asked Barbara; and then, like an April cloud in the sun, she burst out crying.

"There, there, darling!" cried Lady Alice, patting her cheek, when she had sobbed long enough. "Wipe your eyes, now, and write him a little note—just a word."

"But I shall not know where to send it. And he is going away to-morrow!"—tears again.

"I will see that he gets it—this afternoon."

"Lady Alice, you are the sweetest, most unselfish girl I ever heard of. I did not dream there were any such treasures."

"Write your note, dear, before those friends intrude."

Barbara rushed to her writing-desk; it did not take her a moment to pen the single short, sweet line which she inclosed in an envelope, sealed with a kiss, and gave to her friend.

"And now, I must not be all unselfish, when you are such a darling! How are you getting along? Is your father reconciled to you? Are you in any trouble?" asked Barbara, as her visitor rose to go.

"My father has utterly discarded me—disowned me. He swears that he will never own me as his child. I am stopping with an aunt—who is poor as I am! I shall have to go out as a governess—in fact, I have already advertised for a place."

"And will Delorme allow that?" asked Barbara, excitedly.

"He is not willing—has tried to dissuade me—offered me a share of all his possessions; but I must have my own way about this. I, too, must be independent," and a look came into the flower-like young face, surprising Barbara by showing her the dignity, the self-respect and womanly feeling of this pale little creature, who had seemed so timid and irresolute.

Barbara kissed her, impulsively, saying: "This is not our last meeting? I cannot have it so. May I come to your aunt's house to-morrow?"

Lady Alice hesitated, but ended by writing the address.

"And now, indeed, I must go. What do you say to Delorme?"

"I ask him to call on me this evening at eight o'clock."

"You may expect him, then; for I am going to place this note in his hands myself."

The two girls embraced, and the visitor departed.

That evening Barbara Rensselaer behaved in her own old manner, willful, capricious, but charming. Aunt Margaret had returned, as expected; there had been a most joyful family reunion in that particular private parlor of the great hotel; tears shed by the two ladies, and thrilling stories told of "hair-breadth 'scapes;" and aunt Margaret had been supplied with a cup of tea and put to rest on the sofa for an hour or two.

Then Barbara had retired to her bedroom to make a ravishing toilet; but first she had whispered to her papa that she wanted to celebrate *auntie's return* by a sumptuous dinner at eight o'clock, served in their own parlor—wouldn't he give the necessary orders, and send out for flowers, and so forth?

The "and so forth" meant an extra supply of wax candles.

When she came back to the parlor dressed in pale pink silk, with a white rose in her bosom and another in her hair—hair indescribably cunning, nestling in a thousand little jetty rings about her low, smooth forehead and dazzling neck—Herman stared at her in a sort of dazed admiration. Then he felt that he would like the world to admire his beautiful cousin. He wanted to hasten the dinner, so as to get off to the opera; and was cross when Barbara told him, decidedly, that she should not go out anywhere that evening.

"Did you get yourself up in that style just for aunt Margaret?" he asked, suspiciously.

She flashed a dazzling, mocking smile at him for reply.

Then she ordered the waiters, imperatively, to bring more candlesticks; with her own hands she arranged the bountiful supply of roses and rare flowers which her lavish father had obtained at her request.

"We are going to have a feast," she cried, with silvery laughter, as she shook aunt Margaret and made her get up and prepare for it.

Then she fluttered about the room like a newly-caged bird, looking at her tiny watch every other moment.

"You must be hungry," observed Herman, maliciously, seeing her consult it for the twentieth time.

"I am, desperately hungry, cousin Herman. You shall see me eating somebody up before long."

"Was that a knock at the door, Barba?"

"I think it was, papa."

She ran to the door herself; there she stopped a moment, for her heart gave such a bound she thought it had burst; she could not get her breath; she was pale as death.

But she made the effort and threw the door open. Herman, looking with green eyes, saw Delorme Dunleath step in—saw Barbara fling herself into his arms, and heard her sob:

"Forgive me! Forgive me! I'm so sorry—oh, how glad I am!"

And then he understood who the ravishing toilet, the feast and the flowers was for, and that it was useless for him longer to think of having matters his own way. After shaking hands with the unwelcome visitor he went away, without his dinner, to the opera, all by himself, while Delorme had his plate at table.

Mr. Rensselaer beamed with satisfaction, declaring afterward that he had never enjoyed a dinner so much in his life. He had always been affectionately drawn toward Delorme, and it did not now detract from his good qualities, in the old Knickerbocker's eyes, that he was an earl, with estates to match his title.

"I know now why Barba has such a will of her own," he chuckled to himself. "She was cut out for a countess."

Lady Alice's generosity in coming to her to make up her quarrel with Delorme, touched Barbara's heart deeply. In her own happiness, she could not forget her less fortunate friend.

The following day she went to call on her. They had a long interview, during which the American made a ridiculous proposition, and it did not now detract from his good qualities, in the old Knickerbocker's eyes, that he was an earl, with estates to match his title.

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her that Arthur had arranged that *their* wedding should follow in September.

In this case it turned out that "the first love or no love," on which willful Barbara had insisted, was by no means absolutely necessary to a life of bliss—it was very well in her case—but Arthur and Alice contrived to get along beautifully on second love. He grows fond and fonder of his dainty little wife every day and week they live together; she never offends his severe taste, and every one admires her. They are exquisitely happy.

Herman is not yet married; but aunt Margaret has left him all her money, and he plods along toward wealth, sufficiently contented.

AROUND THE CAPITOL.

TO E * * * *

When sunshine touched the under world I strayed around the storied pile, To muse upon the bygone years—The silent, stately, columned throne, Where once was heard the proud and free, But from the whistles of to-day How gladly did I turn to thee.

Or in an idle, pensive mood Of antique lore and modern tale, And watched the river gliding on, To mingle with its far-off home—My thoughts were traveling southward, too, But wandered to another sea, To reach the ocean they had sought, Away to thee, away to thee.

At times I sought the classic haunt, Where fairy art had decked the hall—The poet's dream, the painter's tint; Were hanging from the circling wall, The sculptor's chisel, too, had left Its impress in the gallery, But brighter far than all these gems Were living figures of to-day.

I stood amidst the thousand tomes Of antique lore and modern tale, The history of departed years, That slumbers 'neath their dusty veil—In idle fancy then I took A volume from the countless sea, And moved its leaves unconsciously, And yet my thoughts would turn to thee.

Then straying through its marble halls, Where echoed once a lofty theme, And airy thought and silver tones, Were beautiful as twilight's dream; Where fancied accents long since hushed, And figures that would ever flee, Were thronging through pale memory's mists, And yet my thoughts would fly to thee.

The Scarlet Lining.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

UNDER full sail, the ship Unicorn, Captain Herndon, was bowling along on the homeward passage from the Sandwich Islands to New York.

Aboard this vessel was Mary Willard—a beautiful young girl of seventeen, with her little brother Thomas—a pretty boy of eleven.

Her father—a widower, with whom she had lived for years at Honolulu, had lately died, leaving her and her little brother to the care of Captain Herndon, a distant cousin, who chanced to be in the port at the time.

The captain had conceived the idea of making the girl his wife. He was a rough-looking, middle-aged man, with a red face, small, hard blue eyes, and a large, coarse mouth. He was often intoxicated, and Mary, who had never liked him, was at such times disgusted with him.

Then Mary found an opportunity to speak to her alone, for whenever she was on deck and saw him coming, she would seek Mrs. Gray—an elderly lady, who had taken passage with her son Henry—a fine-looking young naval lieutenant, going to New York on furlough with his mother, who had long been a resident of the Sandwich Islands.

One day, however, the captain came upon Mary in the main cabin, with no company except her little brother.

He at once proceeded to business, bluntly telling her he wanted her to marry him when she reached New York.

Then Mary decidedly informed him that she could never love him, and could not, therefore, think of him for a husband.

He endeavored vainly to change her resolution.

"At any rate, give me a fatherly kiss," he cried, and with a quick bound, he threw both arms around her.

He endeavored to press his coarse mouth to her lips, but, with a scream of terror and loathing, she struggled to free herself.

Her little brother immediately went on deck and called out: "Help! help! the captain has caught my sister Mary, and won't let her go!"

Lieutenant Gray, standing near the rail with his mother, hearing these words, ran down into the cabin; but the captain had now disappeared in his stateroom.

"Consider me your protector aboard this ship against all future insults from that fellow!" said Gray, when the weeping girl had related what had happened.

"Thank you! thank you!" she said, "but he will be ashamed, I trust, to even make such an attempt again."

From that moment the captain conceived a bitter dislike toward little Thomas who had so promptly called the lieutenant to Mary's assistance. The boy having been left in his charge, he exercised over him a father's right. He required from him implicit obedience, and now and then, when his sister was not by, he would deal him a blow with his hard, horny palm upon the ear, for what he termed his tardy execution of orders.

One evening, while carrying a pitcher of water, the boy accidentally dropped and broke it.

At this time there was no person on the quarter-deck but the captain and the helmsman, the officers being forward and Mary and the passengers below.

Herndon caught the lad by the collar, and dragged him to the stern rail.

"You little rascal," said he, "to punish you, I will have you stay in that boat-towing stern, until I tell you to come out! Away you go!"

Pale and trembling, the boy scrambled down the warp into the boat, which had been left where it was for the completion, on the following morning, of some work which had been commenced on the rudder.

At this time the ship was within ten leagues of a dreary headland to leeward, projecting out from the Isle of Desolation, off the South American coast near Cape Horn.

The weather was quite cold, and poor little Thomas shivered as he sat in the boat, and yet did not dare to utter a single complaint.

Ten minutes later one of those sudden squalls, common for this latitude, struck the vessel, compelling the skipper to take in sail.

Down on her beam ends the craft was tearing along, humming and cracking from stem to stern with the wild, foam-colored waters showing here and there through the darkness of the night, and great columns of spray whirling past like sheeted specters, when, sud-

denly, a faint, feeble cry smote upon the ears of the helmsman.

Leaning over the rail, he then discovered that the boat, no sign of which he could now see, was gone!

The cry he had heard was evidently that of little Thomas being left far astern in the darkness.

The man quickly called the captain, and told him that the boat was adrift. Herndon then discovered that the strands of the boat-warp had parted.

He turned pale; then shrugged his shoulders. "The worst of it is, we can not lower for the lad in such a blow as this!" he cried.

The mates being informed of the occurrence, were of the same opinion. Any boat they should attempt to lower would have been dashed to pieces against the ship's side, for the storm was now raging with terrible fury, and the seas were breaking madly over the craft.

The news of what had happened soon reached the occupants of the cabin, and up came Lieutenant Gray, to be soon followed by Mary.

The naval officer had begun to sternly reprimand the captain for putting the lad in the boat, when the wild, beseeching cries of the girl, calling on the men to save her little brother, fell on the ears of all.

The lieutenant endeavored to soothe her, while at the same time, he was careful not to awaken her hope.

In such a storm as was raging, he feared the worst. No person unskilled in the management of a boat, could safely stem that angry sea.

"Oh, sir!" cried the sobbing girl, when he had informed her of the impossibility of lowering a boat, "do you not think there is hope, after all, of his being saved. Young as he is, he understands boating. He had opportunities at the Sandwich Islands to learn."

"In that case," answered the young officer, "he may contrive to keep the boat from swamping. More than that I dare not expect. We may never see him again—he may never be picked up!"

All through that stormy night, the girl only left the deck at intervals. Both old Mrs. Gray and her son endeavored to cheer her. The grating of the yards, the shrill whistle and deafening roar of the wind in the rigging, the washing of the seas, the racking of the timbers, fell like blows upon the heart of poor Mary.

The seamen, muffled in their heavy jackets, washing amidships, now and then directed pitying glances at that frail, shrinking form with the lantern's lurid glare streaming over the pale, fearful face.

The captain alone was the only person who seemed but little moved.

He had hated the boy ever since he summoned Lieutenant Gray to take his sister's part, and he now experienced but little regret at his loss.

As the gray dawn at last stole over the wild waters, the storm abated to a moderate breeze.

The lieutenant was the first to mount the rigging. His keen eyes swept the sea, but he could see no sign of the boat.

The captain then veered ship to retrace his course.

Hours passed.

At last a dark object was seen ahead.

Mary clasped her hands and uttered a cry of joy.

But the lieutenant looked grave, and shook his head.

The ship drew nearer. The object was then discovered to be a boat turned bottom upward!

When taken aboard, it proved to be the one that had drifted from the ship.

This destroyed all hope. Mary wrung her hands, sobbing and moaning over the fate of her little brother.

Meanwhile a weird, roaring, howling noise had for some minutes been heard in the distance. It came from the headland on Desolation Island, now about two miles to leeward. This land was covered with thousands of moving objects of a brown and white color, their necks stretched upward, their mouths open, as they uttered their strange cries.

These creatures were seals and sea lions, whose weird voices were in singular harmony with the desolate aspect of this gloomy land. With the roar of the angry seas on those black, pitiless rocks, where the ribs of many a stout ship have been riven—where the skeleton of many an unfortunate "man overboard"—falling from passing vessels—has been left to bleach in the cold winds.

All at once the hawk-like eyes of Lieutenant Gray were turned, with a steady gaze, toward those densely packed creatures ashore.

A red spot—a scarlet patch amongst the animals; apparently on the neck of one of them—had caught his attention.

He procured a spy-glass, but by this time the seal with the scarlet neck had disappeared.

"What is it?" inquired the captain, desirously.

"I don't see it now, but I did see it!" was the reply.

He then explained.

"Pooh! who ever heard of a seal with a red neck?" said the captain.

"What sort of a garment did Thomas have on?" inquired Gray, of Mary.

"A cloak with scarlet lining," she replied.

"Ah! now I understand! Thank God!"

"No, no," interrupted the lieutenant. "It is best not to be too hopeful! Still the matter is worth investigating."

"I see," said the captain; "you think that red you saw was the boy's cloak, somehow attached to the neck of the seal. But, in my opinion, it was nothing but a little red earth the animal had got on him by rubbing his neck against a bank."

"A boat must be lowered," said Gray. "We will go ashore."

"No, sir; no boat shall be lowered," cried the skipper. "It will only be a mere waste of time. We have lost time enough already. Why, blast me, what if it should prove to be the boy's cloak! What good would that do? The lad himself is lost. There can be no doubt about that!"

"On the contrary, I now think there is a doubt," answered Gray.

"Nonsense!" said Herndon.

Nevertheless the lieutenant was determined to lower a boat.

The captain opposed him—declared no boat should go ashore.

Gray insisted, and went to the davits.

"Come here, some of you, my good fellows!" he called to the crew.

The captain was enraged.

"I command this ship!" he roared, "and the first man who acts against my orders, I will shoot down!"

He then called for his pistols; but the lieutenant seized him in an iron grasp.

The mates, who were good fellows, sided with him, believing they were justified in doing so under the circumstances.

The captain was locked up in the cabin, after which a boat was lowered and pulled ashore. As the men landed some of the sealions stood at bay and showed their teeth. But a few musket-balls soon dispersed them.

As they moved off, howling toward the sea, the crew noticed among them the one with the cloak hanging from it. The garment, which had caught in its teeth, was torn, and a part had blown over its neck, with the red lining turned upward.

The spectators shuddered. Had the boy been seized and torn to pieces by the monster! One thing was now pretty certain. Dead or alive, he was somewhere ashore!

Hither and thither among the rocks the party searched, but they could discover no sign of the lad. All at once, just as they were about moving further inland, they heard a faint cry.

They followed the direction of the noise, and soon arrived at a crevice in a mass of rocks. Peering into it, they then beheld,

quickly reloaded his rifle with cartridges, and then set about planning to escape from the certainly unpleasant quarters in which he had placed himself.

Well knowing that the Indians were closely watching the ravine, and at the same time plotting to surprise and circumvent him, his fertile brain at once hit upon a plan.

Taking from his saddle a small rope, he cut a piece off, and hung it across the edge of the ravine.

Then lighting a match, he set fire to one end of the bit of rope, and a light smoke curled slowly upward.

"They will see the smoke, and think it comes from a pipe—the rope will burn five minutes, or more, and in that time I will be far enough away to defy them."

He crouched low and led his horse along the ravine, back toward the gorge out of which he had ridden upon the plain.

Nearing the hill-side the ravine became more shallow, but the stunted trees along its edge concealed him, and he was soon once more in the valley.

Mounting quickly he rode along up the canyon for a short distance, and then turned into a dry water-course that led to the hills above.

As he reached the hilltop, the yells coming from the prairie told him that his escape was discovered; but it did not trouble him, for he knew that the Indians would take to the plains to discover his trail, not believing that he would come into their very midst.

Presently strange sounds broke the stillness—and those who caused them were not a hundred feet away.

Quickly the scout drew rein, and then his keen ears detected loud breathing, the tramping of heavy feet, and a smothered oath in English.

"Ha! there is a struggle of some kind going on there, and one is a white man—perhaps the one who served the Rose of the Rosebud."

So saying the scout sprang to the ground, left his steed to await his coming, and glided forward with a quick, light tread to the edge of the timber.

Upon the edge of a lofty cliff he beheld two men fighting with all the desperation of despair.

The one was a white man—the other a red-skin warrior of gigantic frame.

The next instant he was on the spot, and with herculean strength he tore the men apart, for the white man was down, the red-man's iron grasp upon his throat. A moment more and the Sioux would have been the victor.

Surprised, panting, bleeding, maddened, the warrior turned upon his assailant.

But, giant though he was, he had met his match, and more, for the white man held him in a clutch that was like riven steel, and backed him steadily, step by step, toward the fatal brink.

Once before the Indian had gone over that precipice, and now his eyes started almost from their sockets, his breath came and went with a fierceness that threatened to rupture the blood-vessels of the lungs; his teeth gritted together until the blood oozed from his shut lips, and every muscle, every nerve in his body was strained to breaking.

But in vain his every effort; in vain the workings of his wiry, painted form; in vain his herculean strength: he was in the hands of his master, and nearer and nearer he was forced to the edge.

Then he seemed to feel that some desperate act must be done to save him, and releasing his hold upon the white man, he attempted to bound away.

Vain the effort! Once freed from his grasp, the scout, with a marvelous effort of strength and quickness, shot him forward with a force that sent him over the dizzy chasm.

One loud, long cry, half of despair, half of defiance, and Long Bow, the huge Sioux chief, went downward like a flash of lightning.

There was no clutching then at the rocky wall; the arms waved wildly in empty space, and the next moment a crashing thud told that he was but a crumpled mass of flesh, blood and bone—that the spirit of the red brave had gone to the happy hunting-grounds of his people.

CHAPTER XI.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

HAVING hurled the Sioux chief over the precipice, Fearless Frank turned to look after the white man, whom, by his arriving just in the nick of time, he had saved from death, for, though a person of great endurance and strength, in the giant warrior Old Solitary had found more than a match.

The old trapper was seated upon the ground, lugubriously rubbing his throat, upon which the points of the Indian's fingers were plainly visible.

His eyes were turned upon the scout, and in a drawing kind of tone, usual to him, he said: "I'm not dead yet, pard; but, it's ter yerself I owe it I ain't fodder for coyotes. Great grizzlies, but ter see yer hear is a blessing for some eyes."

"Ef it hadn't 'a' bin yerself, wusted though I was by the skrimmage, I'd 'a' jined hands with yer agin' that farnal red-skin; but I knowed yer, and, Lord bless yer, when Fearless Frank puts hands on a enemy, it's time for other fellows to take thurn off—put it thar, pard," and rising from the ground, Old Solitary offered his hand to the scout, whom he had met several times before when going to the settlements to sell pelts, or by ammunition.

"I am glad I was of service to you, trapper; but was not that the Long Bow of the Sioux I sent over the cliff?"

"It yer, or I'm a ole liar; but, pard, what ar' yer doin' hear, can I ax?"

"Scouting after red-skins. I suppose you do not know that the batchet is unbred and the Sioux are on the war-path?"

"That ar' a fact. I'm a-doin' a leetle scoutin' biz myself, along with a pard who went over the cliff a while ago," and Old Solitary went on to relate the history of his giving up gold-hunting for the war path, and the adventures that had befallen himself and Montana Mike.

"And you say he caught on the cliff as he went down?"

"Yas, he did, an' so did the Ingini! Lord! but it makes me laff when I think o' that red-skin a-comin' up an' a-tacklin' me. I was scared 'most to death, you bet; but I let in on him, with all ther grit I hed, an' yer bet thur tussle was long an' interestin'. It w'd hev bin more interestin' ter ther red-skin then ter me, ef yer hadn't comed along an' jined in ther fandango."

"Then your partner may not yet be dead. I will run down your lasso and have a look, while you shake yourself together again, for you had a hard struggle."

So saying, the scout threw the trapper's blanket over the edge of the cliff, to keep the lasso from wearing, and the next moment swung himself over the brink.

Resting a moment upon the obstruction to which Montana Mike had clung, he then con-

tinued on down until he again found a resting-place. It was there the Long Bow had caught, and from which place he had caught the end of the lasso let down by Old Solitary.

The scout saw that the wall was not so steep, and that he could climb down without the aid of the lasso, which only extended a few feet further.

Cautiously he picked his way from projection to projection, and soon after reached the bottom of the gorge.

A glance upward showed him the face of Old Solitary peering down into the gloom. Then he set to work in search of Montana Mike, fearing that he would come upon his dead body.

His eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, for the moonlight did not reach down in the gorge, he beheld a dark object lying prone upon the ground against the base of the cliff. It was the Sioux warrior who had joined his brother warrior in the attack upon the paleface.

Further out lay another dark form, crushed out of all human shape—the Long Bow, who had met the fate he intended for the Rose of the Rosebud, Montana Mike and Old Solitary.

But he whom he sought was nowhere visible. Thinking that the fall might not have killed him, he looked into every ravine near, and called the name of Montana Mike softly, for he might be wounded and crawled to a place of concealment.

But no answer came, and Fearless Frank looked up to tell his comrade that his search was useless.

But the face of the trapper had been withdrawn from the brink of the precipice, and that moment a suppressed cry came to the ears of the scout.

From whence it came he could not tell; but believing it to be from the lips of Montana Mike, he again began a search, which, in the end, proved useless as had the other.

With reluctance he ascended the cliffside, reached the lasso, and in a few moments after stepped upon the summit.

There a startling scene met his gaze. Back, just under the shadow of the trees, stood a dozen Sioux braves, and at their feet lay a dark form—that of Old Solitary.

Never caught off his guard, the scout had slung his rifle to his back when he went down into the gorge, and with the rapidity of thought he brought it round, and, like incessant lightning, the flashes came, while the ringing reports rattled in a thousand echoes down the gorge, resounding like a full regiment in action.

CHAPTER XII.

AGAIN ON THE TRAIL.

"WELL, Singleton, I am certainly glad to see you back unharmed, and, if I mistake not, the three men who just left us, owe their lives to you. Help yourself," and General Crook shoved the flask of brandy toward the scout, who helped himself moderately, and replied:

"If they are the three I saw leave the mountains and start across the prairie as though Satan had sent for them, I may say, without vanity, that I saved their scalps."

"Yes, they told me of a single horseman who rushed in between them and their pursuers, and I at once thought it must be you; but tell me, what have you discovered, Singleton, and how did you get out of the trap in which the Crow and soldiers left you?"

"To begin at the beginning, general, I will say that I scouted around until I discovered the whereabouts of the Sioux, whom I found encamped in two villages, the main one in the mountains above the Rosebud, and a smaller camp in a neck of timber on the river, and near the prairie."

"Then there are more of them than I believed. Both of the scouts, Guard and Baptiste, reported that Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse and Black Moon are in command, and that they have fully three thousand warriors at their back."

"And more, too; they have enough to keep busy both your opinion and that of General Terry, and they intend to make a bold stand, sir; is not this the opinion of Baptiste and Guard?"

"It is; but we have force enough to defeat them, especially if General Terry and myself consolidate."

"Baptiste and Guard are now off on a scout—they left last night."

"And I will start again in the morning. A good night's rest will make a new man of me," and the scout went on to tell how he had escaped from the ravine to the mountains, and of his coming upon Old Solitary in his desperate struggle with Long Bow.

Of his own part in that affair he said no more than was necessary to explain, and then went on to relate how he descended into the gorge, and returned to the top of the cliff to find the trapper a prisoner or a dead man—which, he did not know, for a score of Sioux stood over him.

"In Heaven's name! how did you escape, hemmed in as you were?" asked the general, who, with his officers, were deeply interested.

"I opened pretty lively with my thirty-four shooter, charged through them, whistled to my horse, that I had left not far away, and while they were considering who had lost a scalp, I dashed down the hillside, and once on the prairie, pursuit was useless."

"But I gave Bay Prince a hard ride of it. I will take Whirlwind to-morrow, for I have a plan on hand to get a spy in the enemy's camp, general."

"Ha! some renegade white man?"

"I cannot now say who, general; but I start for the Indian camp in the morning, and hope soon to bring you reliable news. Any orders, sir?"

"None, except to order you not to be reckless."

"I am not, sir, and when I rely upon my rifle and Whirlwind, I generally can see my way out of a scrape."

"God grant it always be so. You are a matchless fellow on these plains, Singleton; I do not wish to lose you."

"Thank you, general. Good-night!"

And the scout left the tent without in any way having referred to his finding the buried woman in the cottonwoods, and his having met with the Rose of the Rosebud and left in her care the poor wounded girl.

Throwing himself upon his blanket, he was soon fast asleep; but with the morning sun he awoke, partook of a substantial breakfast, filled his haversack and ammunition-pouch, mounted his matchless steed, Whirlwind, and disappeared in the direction of the Rosebud river, bound upon another mission of desperate danger.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 248.)

When three good little boys get together of an afternoon, the chances are that there will be either a fight, a window broken, or some stray dog will have a pan tied to his tail.

AT THE SEASIDE.

BY HENRI MONTAIGNE.

"'Twas only an ugly, cross-eyed clam, with three dear children round her; And soft and low she was heard to speak, As the sea-birds sang in the distance, And she winked at that flat, the founder."

You must stay by my side, she sadly cried, In a voice that was damp with emotion. The drowning turtle has taken flight, The fierce quagga is abroad to-night, And a fog broods over the ocean."

But, alas! for those foolish little clams, They listened not to their mother, And one was lost in the ocean fog, And one got bit by the fierce quagga, While the turtle devoured the other."

Goldenrod.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"'Twas in the month of leafy June, And books and birds were all in tune, And the season promised to be so sultry that already the tide of feminine fancies and flutter was setting from the city to the seashore, and the hotels at Long Branch were nearly filled."

There was some years back when Long Branch and Cape May were seeing their happiest days—when they were quiet, almost homelike places, where the best families of New York and Philadelphia delighted to have their houses and their horses for the summer, and enjoy themselves in their own way, and when the society at the hotels was select and delightful.

There is one good point in an early exodus to the watering-places—one may get good, wide, cool rooms, and not be packed up in little seven-by-nine boxes under sunny roofs. Which is a marvellous fact that the pleasure-seekers of Heaven save the mark—endure uncomplainingly.

Robert Tremaine knew this when he brought his wife and sister-in-law down to occupy choice rooms at the Mansion House.

What Hugh Macgregor knew when he came down a few days later, I can't say; but I think he realized the fact that the Leslie was with Robert and Fanny Tremaine; consequently he wanted to be there too.

They moved in the same "set" at Philadelphia, and Macgregor had been quite attentive to Helen, the past winter. And, as there was no understanding between them, there was a good deal to be hoped for from the romantic surroundings of a seaside summer.

One bright afternoon, as Hugh sat in a shady corner on the wide veranda, Helen came down the steps dressed for a walk.

As she passed him, he rose to join her. "Miss Helen, may I join your ramble?" She turned to him with a smile.

"Yes, if you like."

"Shall we go to the beach?"

"No, I'm going to the fields, in lieu of garden or greenhouse, for my hair."

"Then let us go through the pine woods!" They turned into a narrow path, where the fresh wind, laden with the salt odor of the sea, and the spicy aroma of the pines, was exceeding sweet.

They wandered some distance, but found nothing to please Helen's taste.

"Why won't this do?" said Hugh, plucking a feathery spray of goldenrod which reared its yellow head in the path.

"That! why, it is only a weed!"

"Nevertheless it is beautiful, and will contrast finely with your black hair. That's the effect is fine, Miss Helen!" he cried, holding the golden spray against the drooping, jetty braids of her hair.

"Then I will wear it," said Helen. And as he gathered a handful of the richest sprays for her, she added: "I shall always think of you hereafter whenever I see a bunch of goldenrod."

"Will you? I am glad of anything which brings you a thought of me, Helen," he said, gravely.

And her cheeks flushed, for it was the first time Hugh Macgregor had ever called her "Helen," and it thrilled her heart with a new, sweet joy.

When she came down to the parlor that night, he was waiting for her at the door. She wore a dress of thin, soft material, a rich purple in hue, the feathery clusters of goldenrod drooping in her hair and on her bosom.

Macgregor's face lit as he met her.

"Purple and gold! Are you a queen, Miss Helen?" he asked; and before she could answer, he whispered, as he drew her hand through his arm: "I know you are, though, for your kingdom is here!"

Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he drew her away from the lighted, crowded parlors, and led her to a distant end of the moonlit veranda.

"Helen, I must speak!" he said, clasping her lightly with his arms in his own; "and I think you know already! Don't you know that I love you?"

Helen was neither a coquette nor a prude. She was a true, earnest girl, too proud and too honorable to trifle. She simply answered: "I don't know."

"And did it offend you?" he asked, eagerly.

"No!" was her low answer.

"Did it make you happy?" still more eagerly, in a tone of intense passion and feeling.

"I think so," she said, gently.

He turned swiftly, and caught her to his breast.

"Then you care a little for me?" he cried.

And then followed a torrent of burning words and fond caresses, and when they returned to the parlor, Helen Leslie was the promised bride of Hugh Macgregor.

Fanny Tremaine noticed the brilliant light in Helen's eye, and a certain air of proprietorship half-visible in Hugh, and came to her own conclusions.

There was one other noticed it. This was Nellie Trevor, a gay, flirting girl, who possessed more sense and goodness than she got credit for. Hugh Macgregor had seemed to fancy her, and paid her a good deal of attention. But Helen was not jealous, even when she saw him, this very night, walk a white half-hour in the hall, in earnest conversation with Nellie.

She had only heard their talk, how much misery would have been spared her!

Nellie Trevor guessed what had happened, and it was a natural longing for sympathy which sent her to Helen's room after they had all retired.

"May I come in?" she said, seeing Helen was already in bed. "I won't disturb you, but I'm going away to-morrow, and I want to say good-by."

"Why do you go so soon?" asked Helen, as Nellie seated herself on the edge of the bed.

"I've a notion to tell you, though I would not trust any one else," said Nellie, with an odd quiver in her gay voice.

"I won't betray you, if you trust me," said Helen.

And so, with averted face, Nellie told Helen how she had been a long time betrothed to a gentleman whom her guardian did not like, and therefore refused his consent. But she was now going to Washington, to her married sister. In three months she would be of age, and then they were to be married.

"We have to keep it a secret," she said, "for if my guardian guessed our plan, he would never see Helen, do you guess who he is?"

"No; you have such a troop of lovers. Tell me," said Helen, laughing.

"I'll show him to you," Nellie drew a card from her pocket, and still keeping her face averted, thrust it half behind her into Helen's hand.

The gas was lowered, but there was light enough to see by, and Helen's heart gave a sudden, heavy, terrible throb as she glanced at the card. She would not credit her eyes until they fell on the name scribbled under the picture.

"Yours only and ever, Macgregor."

Her heart stood still, but she would not falter or fail. She spoke bravely and calmly:

"Dear Nellie, I hope you will be happy, and that he will prove worthy of your love. But if

is very late, and I am tired. Say good-by and leave me now, please!"

She gave back Nellie's good-by kiss, and once alone, she locked her door, to fight her battle with herself.

By morning she was resolved. Hugh Macgregor should not glory in the knowledge of her love for him. He should believe that she had mistaken herself, and then whether he was true or trifling with Nellie, he would lose his triumph over her.

When she entered the small parlor in the morning, Hugh was there alone. As she entered he rose with a bright face, and an eager, glad motion. She stopped him with a gesture.

"Mr. Macgregor, I owe you an apology," she said. "Last night, judging my own heart too hastily, I gave you some promises. I was wrong; I ask your pardon, but I also ask you to give them back to me this morning."

He looked at her in keen surprise.

"Ah, no! understand," he said.

"Then I must be plainer. I find, Mr. Macgregor, that I did not understand myself when I promised to be your wife. Will you release me?"

"If you ask it, I must," he said, slowly, pale as death. Then added, almost fiercely, drawing a step nearer: "Is it possible that you are a trifle, Helen Leslie?"

Helen's anger rose. She looked him proudly in the face as he dared use that word to her!

"It makes no difference what I am, since I am not yours. You are quite free. Am I free from you also?"

He bowed low. "Entirely free!" And as Helen turned away, she heard him say, "And may God forgive you for this!" But she walked on, never turning.

Inside the room she paused. He looked so white, so stern, so unforgotten! And her heart yearned so toward him! Could this be acting? Was there some mistake? No; it was too clear. The least she could think was, that he had proved false to Nellie, and really loved her. But could she take him on such terms? Never!

She went to her room and kept it all day, pleading, with truth, a bad headache.

Just before night came Fanny, and said abruptly:

"Helen, Mr. Macgregor has gone away. Did you know he was going?"

"No," said Helen.

Fanny gave her a keen look. "What does this mean, Helen? Last night, I am sure, there was something between you. To-day you are down with the headache, and he has rushed off to Washington like a madman, Robert says."

She went to her room, and thought of Helen's thought. But, she said, "It means nothing! There is nothing between us. Never will be."

"Didn't he ask you to marry him?" persisted Fanny.

"Yes."

"Well—I refused him."

"Helen Leslie! Have you lost your senses?"

"No; I have found them."

"What did you do that for, then?"

"I did not want to marry him—that's all. Now, Fanny, listen! Say what you please to Robert, but do neither of you ever speak to me of this again! Now, remember, and let me alone!"

Fanny knew how determined Helen could be when she chose, and held her peace, not satisfied, but resolved to wait and discover the mischief, then set it right, if she could.

After they went back to Philadelphia, Helen waited for news of the wedding. It did not come. Instead, early in October, came news of Nellie's death.

It was a shock to Helen, but it did not alter her relations to Hugh, but it had been false; she could never more respect him, and if she could not help loving him, she would not yield to it.

June came again, and they went down to Long Branch. Helen would have preferred some other place, but Fanny would have none of that. They took quarters at the Ocean Hotel, and, to Helen's utter dismay, met Hugh Macgregor the first day.

Fanny was glad, for she hoped that now something would bring him and Helen together. But though he at once resumed his old intimacy with Robert Tremaine, he on only showed Helen, as she did him, a cool politeness.

One afternoon, while they were sitting on a shady veranda, Helen and Fanny busy with some trifles of work, Macgregor came up with an open letter in his hand, which he gave to Robert to read.

"From my cousin Tom; the first I've had since he went to California," he said. "I thought you might like to see it."

"Very glad," said Robert. "And, by the way, Hugh, what ever took Tom Macgregor off so suddenly?"

"He couldn't get over Nellie Trevor's death. I think it was that," said Hugh, calmly.

"Nellie Trevor! What was she to him?" asked Fanny, while Helen looked up, utterly astonished.

"If she had lived a few weeks longer, she would have been his wife," said Hugh. And Helen let her word drop into her lap, and sat speechless.

"Why, I never guessed that," said Fanny.

"They kept it secret, because Nellie's guardian objected on account of Tom's lack of riches. They used to correspond through me. I was with them in Washington when she died. It was a fearful blow to poor Tom."

The news was a blow to poor Helen. She saw her error now. Tom Macgregor was like enough to her cousin Hugh to be his twin brother, and she had mistaken the picture. And in her haste she had not paused to remember that there were two Macgregors in the world.

She rose abruptly, and left the group, but Hugh and Fanny had both noticed the strange expression of her face.

As soon as Fanny found a chance, she questioned Helen closely. But Helen gave her no satisfaction beyond admitting that she had supposed Nellie was engaged to Hugh Macgregor instead of Tom.

Mrs. Fanny deemed even that much a ground for her interference, so the very next morning she cast her little leaven into the lump, by managing to have a short, private talk with Hugh.

And as a result of this, when Helen went to her room to dress for the evening, she found on her table a tiny basket, full of feathery clusters of rich goldenrod. Beside the basket lay a card. One side bore Hugh Macgregor's name; on the other was written:

"Miss Helen, I begin to think we deeply misunderstood each other in the past. If there may be peace between us, will you wear these tokens for the sake of H. M.?"

There was a struggle between love and pride—for Helen was very proud, and it was hard to own herself in the wrong.

Finally she compromised, and made her confession yet the sweeter, for she put the flowers, not in her hair, but behind the folds of lace which covered her bosom.

She repeated when she saw Hugh Macgregor's look of bitter disappointment as he glanced at her hair. But he would come nearer and see. He did not come. She went to her room without once having spoken to him.

She sat down beside her window, for a moment's thought, when, suddenly upon the summer air, rose the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!"

Always terrible, at a watering place where the hotels are the frailest wooden structures, and densely filled with human beings, the alarm of fire strikes terror to every heart.

The verandas of the Ocean House were soon filled with an anxious crowd, to whom the fire was plainly visible.

As Helen and Fanny stood upon the steps together, Hugh Macgregor pushed his way through, almost jostling them in his haste.

"Ladies! Mrs. Tremaine! I beg pardon," he said, "but I am in haste to get over there," pointing to the burning building.

"But the danger!" cried Fanny.

"There will be lives lost without help, and mine isn't worth much to me to-night," said Hugh, gravely, and then with a bow he hurried away.

After a while the fire died away, and people began to go back to their rooms.</

SOL POSEY ON APPEARANCES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Appearances does of deceive,
The which is very plain,
You can't bet on your best belief,
Though it's as sure as rain.
Now over yander see that chap
Beside that horse-track there,
In front of that there whisky-shop—
You'd think he wasn't square.
Now that there individual's
Appearance on first sight
You think in largest letters tells
He isn't far from light.
And a synopsis view of those
Decayed old clothes he wears
Must somehow lead you to suppose
That he's been down for years.
Take his appearance for a sign
The way his finger runs
You think that he's no number 9
Among the "squares."
For you may judge he don't belong
Unto the upper sex,
Nor think that you were judging wrong
By the spirit of the text.
And by his leaving work alone
I'm pretty much afraid
You think he is a wagabond
And dearly loves his trade.
And then to see that mouth of his
You think he couldn't speak
The hieroglyphic land-witches
Of Latin and of Greek.
You think he don't amount, in short,
To anything at all,
And that he might be of the sort
Whose gumption panned out small.
Appearances deceives us, Cap,
Sometimes a mighty sight,
But if you think these of that chap,
Jing, you are thinking right!

Adrift on the Prairie ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,"
"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.

III.—UNCLE LIGE BALANCES ACCOUNTS WITH JIM.

My friends had pushed out some forty rods from shore before they cast their hooks for fish. They did not anchor, for the water was perfectly still. It was the calm before the storm. They had good luck in fishing, and before the hour was fully up, had caught a sufficient number for our present wants. They were preparing to return to camp when the first gust of wind from the north struck them. Bob and George sprung to the oars, while Jim took his position at the helm. They plied the oars with all their strength, and under each stroke the craft made a feeble effort to leap out of the water. The wind was increasing, and blowing dead against them. The rude boat tossed and rocked upon the waves, until its occupants could scarcely keep their seats. Their lantern was tipped over, and rolling into the water in the bottom of the boat was extinguished and rendered useless. A terrible fate stared them in the face. They could see my light, but had become so bewildered that they could not tell what side of the lake it was on.

"With all their power the men at the oars bent to their work, but to their disappointment and fear they seemed to be receding from the shore instead of gaining upon it.

"Jim," Bob finally said, in a husky voice, "we're not gaining an inch. This gale is carrying us to certain destruction."

"And our boat is fast filling with water," said George, breathing hard.

"I wish now we'd all staid and helped to guard our camp," added Jim, with no little trepidation.

Nothing daunted, however, they labored on manfully, but despite their determined efforts they were beaten back further and further by the rolling waves. And still the wind was increasing. The boat tossed violently. The spray was coming down like a shower of rain upon them, drenching them to the skin.

"Boys, suppose we strike for the opposite shore," Jim finally suggested.

"It would never do, Jim," replied Bob. "We would be dashed to pieces against the rocky shore, sure as we attempted it. Our only salvation lies in keeping head against the wind and waves."

"Well, drown, anyhow, surer than thunder," persisted the man at the helm; "the boat is half full of water now."

At this juncture they heard my shout. Jim inflated his lungs and sent forth a reply that startled his two companions. But the roar of the wind and the angry sea prevented the sound reaching my ears. To their ears, however, came a response from another source—a response that chilled them deeper than the cold wind and drenching spray. It was a wild, startling laugh—a triumphant, demoniac laugh, born of the tempestuous night.

The three young fishermen shuddered with terror. They gathered together in the center of the boat, and spoke when they spoke at all, in subdued tones. Jim's teeth chattered as with an ague fit. George shivered and trembled like a reed in the wind, while Bob, with eyes distended to their fullest capacity, gazed, like a bewildered deer, into the darkness around them.

"Did you hear it, Jim?" questioned George. "Ya-as," chattered Jim.

"What (ugh) do you think it was?" gasped Bob.

"A night-bird of some kind," replied Kemply, endeavoring to appear calm.

"A night devil, you'd better say," added Bob.

"Boys, be that as it may, we're in awful peril. If we even escape death by drowning, we'll perish with cold. I am now chilled to the very marrow of my bones—there! there! there! that infernal laugh again! It's no night-bird, boys."

Silence fell upon the lips of my friends, and shivering in the cold, raw wind, they sat down to wait and watch for the fate in store for them.

The hours dragged wearily by. Every moment they expected to be dashed to pieces against the rock-bound shore or go down in the deep waters of the lake. Every minute seemed an hour crowded with a thousand horrors. They were reaping the benefit of an adventure they had not bargained for when they started "Adrift on the Prairie."

None of them really ever expected to see the light of another day, and one can but faintly imagine their joyful disappointment when at last they beheld the streaks of dawn shooting aslant the eastern sky. And as the day approached, the wind went down and the waters became still.

When daylight at length enabled the boys to see around them, they discovered that they were near the center of the lake, measuring the narrow way. And to their utter astonishment they beheld a large fishing-boat anchored about twenty rods from them with a man, wrapped in a gun blanket, seated in it. He was looking directly toward them, and when assured that he had been discovered, he rose to his feet, swung aloft his hat, and gave utter-

ance to a loud, triumphant laugh that reached my ears, half a mile away.

"By Judas!" exclaimed Jim, "it's that old Lige whom I ducked yesterday. Oll has sent him out in search of us."

The other two did not think so, for all at once something of the real truth flashed across their minds, and in looking around the boat for further evidence, they discovered a wire cable attached to their boat just above the water and extending out toward uncle Lige's boat.

"That's what kept us here," said Bob, pointing to the wire. "I see through the whole thing now, even to them big tracks on the beach. That old culture, knowing we were coming onto the lake last night, attached that wire to our boat and took us in tow, and has held us here all night. And do you know why he has served us so?"

As if in answer to the question itself, the voice of the old man was heard to say:

"Pitch me into the lake again, won't you? Fool 'round another mule's heel, won't you? Ha! ha! ha! you can't beat ole Lige Farmer on a good thing, so you can't. Won't you acknowledge that accounts balance now—you feller with the big bowel! I've rooted here all night to work this on ye, and went three miles to borrow this scow for the purpose. I just won't be beat, and now if you say we're square, so says I. I know the ropes 'round here to a gnat's heel, and if I can he'll you fellers from this on in havin' fun, why, I'm yer persimmons. Fun and fish are my best holts, boys."

Bob and George were undetermined for some time whether to forgive the old fisherman or not, for inflicting such a night of horror upon them in order to "square accounts" with Jim. It was fun they did not relish, and would have held him amenable for it, had Jim not accepted the joke in the spirit it was given, however dangerous, and prevailed on them to do likewise. The matter thus settled, Kemply shouted back to him:

"All right, old wart-nose, hoove up your dog-gone old scow and let's get ashore. We're freezing to death."

The old man soon boarded their boat, his face radiant with a smile of triumph and the soul of good nature.

"It was pesky rough," he said, as they all started toward the northern shore, "last night—more'n I bargained for. I thought I'd have to give up once, and tow you fellows ashore, or else have some drowned hunters to scrape outen the lake. But I held on long as possible; I was determined to square accounts with that feller with the big bread-basket, though I hated awfully to keep you other chaps out."

The boys were too cold and aggravated to make any reply, and so the old man chatted on till the boat touched the shore. Like wet rats the young fishermen came bustling into camp, shivering with cold. Jim made a drive for a box under the wagon, from which he drew forth a leather-covered flask, the contents of which seemed to afford him great relief.

In a few minutes all had changed their wet clothes for a dry suit, with which each had provided himself, combed out their wet locks, and arranged their morning toilet.

Meanwhile, Uncle Lige, the author of their discomfort, stood regarding the whole with his thumbs behind his suspenders, his pants in his boot-tops, his dripping hat slouched about his ears and face, and a broad, mischievous smile playing over his rough visage.

He was a man over fifty years of age, short and heavily built, with gray eyes, an expressive mouth, and long iron-gray hair. His face, as well as his short, stout neck, was covered with a short, stiff beard, whose ends bristled right out like the quills of a porcupine.

When we had studied the old fellow for a moment—had seen the sparkle of his eyes, and his face twitching with pent-up emotions of rollicking humor—we came to the conclusion that we had formed the acquaintance of a boy in spirit and an old man in years and experience.

"Boys," he finally said, as he turned away toward his cabin, "guess I'll have to leave you now, but if you should want my boats, he'll yerselves; and if you want me to run 'em for you, say the word and I'm yer persimmons. Me and the ole woman I'll not put up any more tricks on you—we're all square now. If any of ye are likely to take cold from your night on the lake, come up to the house, and mother'll fix ye up a good swig of ginger and penny-royal. Good-by, boys," and the old fellow went shuffling away like a happy school-boy.

"Good-morning, Mr. Farmer," said Jim, then in a subdued tone: "confound you; I wish you were disappearing under that water with a ten-ton stone about your neck."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed George; "fool around another mule's heel, won't you?"

Those Few Days.

BY LUCILLE HOLLS.

THE little hamlet of Lawrence Ridge lay nestled among maple trees, on the top of a Connecticut hill, as if seeking to hide itself from the pure, pale light of the midsummer moon. There had been a shower late in the day, clearing off at sunset, and the night air was heavy with odors wafted from the dripping trees, and distilled from the wet grasses.

The small village store was still open, and a group of farmers were gathered there, discussing the "weather and the crops"—the central figure among them the broad-shouldered, portly proprietor of the store; one of the wealthiest and most influential men of the community, and one whom his neighbors had honored with several elections to a State senatorship. On the bench beside him sat a handsome, manly young fellow, easily recognizable as his son, for the strong resemblance in form, and face, and blue eyes; though the latter's hair was a waving mass of fair brown curls where the elder man's was black.

In the midst of this leisurely-talking company suddenly appeared a startling vision—two strangers; a tall, full-bearded gentleman, with his hat shoved slightly away from a deep cut on his brow, and a girl, a woman—it was hard upon the instant to decide which—leaning upon his arm, her clear-cut, delicate face deathly white and her brow slightly frowning as if she were enduring pain.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," the stranger said, courteously lifting his hat; "but may I trouble one of you to give this lady a seat and a glass of water?"

Already the proprietor had arisen, while his son, with one swift, unconsciously-admiring glance at the young lady, had hastened for water.

"You seem to have met with an accident," said Mr. Hoyt, the elder, as the lady sank down upon the bench with a little moan.

"Yes, we drove from Dalton, expecting to return there by early evening; but we were detained at a wayside farm during the shower, which delayed us considerably; and driving up this terrible hill, nearly at the top, some part

of the harness snapped, which so frightened the horse that he became entirely unmanageable, backed around, upsetting the carriage and throwing us out, and started at a furious pace toward the valley. I fear this lady is quite badly hurt; she has sprained her ankle, and it was with great difficulty she reached here. Thank you," he added, taking the glass of water which Arthur Hoyt had brought and giving it, himself, to the lady. "Are you suffering much, Madeline?"

The lady's eyes were closed. As she languidly opened them they met Arthur's, thrilling him as if by some magnetic encounter.

"Yes, very much," she answered, slowly, transferring her gaze from the brown-haired youth to the questioner.

"Is there any one here," said the gentleman, turning again to the farmers, "who can accommodate this lady for the night, and of whom I can hire a horse and carriage, to drive back to Dalton and make arrangements for her removal in the morning?"

"You must take her right into my house; I've already sent my wife word," said Mr. Hoyt, cordially; "and hadn't you better stay, too, until morning? You've an ugly cut that looks as if it might need attending to, and Mrs. Hoyt is very handy about hurts."

But the stranger insisted that he must get back to Dalton, as he was expecting important business news there by the evening mail; so arrangements were made to have a conveyance brought to Mr. Hoyt's for him, within an hour, and then he offered his arm to his companion, to assist her across the yard to the commodious residence that adjoined the store. As soon, however, as the lady arose and attempted to bear her weight upon the injured foot, she fainted quite away. Her escort lightly raised her in his arms and carried her to the sofa in the pleasant sitting-room where Mrs. Hoyt awaited them. That hospitable woman was deftly to caring for her guest; and by the time the gentleman was forced to leave, Madeline was quite well, and bright, with her foot firmly and comfortably bandaged.

"Come as early as you can, to-morrow," she said to him, in the richest, most musical voice that her listeners had ever heard, "that I may not be any more trouble than possible to these good people."

"Certainly, Madeline," he answered, with a pleasant bow to her, and a courteous adieu to the family.

When he had departed, the lady turned brightly to her hostess.

"I believe you do not know my name. I am Madeline Tressilian; and I think I heard some one call you Mrs. Hoyt. This is your son, I presume," she added, turning toward Arthur. "I have to thank you, sir, for your prompt attention to my comfort."

"Oh, do not speak of it," he said, softly and entreatingly, from where he sat by an open window, intently regarding this beautiful stranger, and already weaving a host of golden fancies about her. For this fair-haired youth, with his grave, sweet blue eyes, was of a passionately poetical temperament that responded with an exquisite delight—akin to pain—to every sensation produced upon it by the beautiful in sight or sound.

Miss Tressilian only smiled back an answer—a brilliant, thrilling smile that seemed like a revelation of an inner self, so glorified her tinted face, her marvelously beautiful mouth, and her expressive bronze-tinted eyes. She understood the boy's nature, and knew that she gave him pleasure; whether pain would follow, she was not a woman to consider.

It was long after midnight when Arthur Hoyt went up to his room that night, and a voice from the adjoining one called, sleepily:

"Is that you, Artie?"

"Yes, Thomas. Is your head better?"

"Almost well, thank you; but isn't it late? What has kept you up?"

Arthur went into his elder brother's room and sat down upon the bed beside him, and related the circumstances of the evening; while the moonlight fell over them both, revealing the fair, slender hand of the elder and the sturdy one of the other clasped in brotherly love, as those two hands should never rest again. In that happy, puritan household had entered, that night, an element that within a few days should forever destroy its peace. From such slender thread of accident does Fate oftentimes weave the cable of strange destinies.

The following morning a messenger came from Dalton with a note to Mrs. Hoyt—signed Hugh Tressilian—inclosing a generous check, and politely begging that the lady might remain where she was until the following week; as a telegram had summoned the writer hastily to New York, whence he would return direct to Lawrence Ridge. A note and a satchel were also sent to Madeline; and when Alphonse Hoyt came into the sitting-room, from an early gallop, he found the stranger accepted as an inmate of their family for the next few days.

From his brother's description he had imagined himself prepared to meet Miss Tressilian. But when before the slender, girlish image, and the marvelous, sea-shell tinted face—crowned with bright hair, and lighted with seductive eyes the color of ruddy bronze, and set off by pale, translucent, green draperies—he, too, was almost awed by her remarkable beauty and that magnetic witchery of person that affected most people who came in contact with Madeline Tressilian.

They were six wondrous days—the days of her stay—to Alphonse and Arthur Hoyt—six, for Hugh Tressilian was still detained in town, and sent for Madeline to come on, and as soon as well enough; and it was not until the morning of the seventh that she bade farewell to her new life and friends.

A new life had indeed been to her; as new as to her companions—who were so different from the men with whom she was accustomed to be surrounded, so infinitely better than they. She talked with them of ethics, and politics, and poetry, and art; she made them play for her, and sing; and one night she surprised them with her own tender touching of the piano and magically sweet rendition of a little song. They breathed in her ears their dearest hopes and highest aspirations; all unconsciously purifying her life, while they dreamed they were better for knowing her; and in all things she swept delicately, but acutely, the chords of their high, refined, reverent natures; only, despite her perfectly impartial friendship, she had come between them; for—and was it strange when they had always craved and never before found such a companion?—these brothers loved her—loved her with all the fervor of young manhood's first idealized passion!

The father and mother had watched this development of new passions within their home anxiously, but were powerless to avert the inevitable. Especially did they fear for their eldest son—their eldest, thoughtful Alphonse—proudly dedicated, from earliest childhood, to the holy work of the ministry. So often are the wisest mortal judgments liable to error. Arthur, they said, was so young, so sturdy-natured, no harm could come to him from any fleeting pas-

sion for their lovely guest; little dreaming that his fervent soul, unguarded, like his brother's, by a strong religious faith, should make his life a shipwreck in time of sore agony. And, charming as she had appeared to them all, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt felt relieved when the time of Madeline Tressilian's departure was at hand.

The night before she left Alphonse begged to take her for a drive. She shivered a little, apprehensively, at the idea of riding over those steep hills again, but allowed herself to be persuaded; and before their return she had given her consent to become his wife, at the end of his next and last collegiate year—impressing upon him her wish that the engagement should be kept inviolably secret until near that time. Madeline had come out fully prepared to hear Alphonse's avowal—and to give him a kind and firm refusal. She was not only several years his senior, if ages were revealed, but his life was infinitely above hers in its grandeur of purpose and innocence of sin and worldliness. She knew that she had appeared to him, not as she was, only as she might have been; and that a union between them was impossible. Yet the influence of those few days—pure, happy days, and of the solemn, peaceful night, was waiting to receive them in their pennoned barques—the blessings of the crowd—gave the scene a tone and character of the highest excitement. They neared the banks when a knight, armed cap-a-pie, with lance in rest and vizor closed, was urging his steed in hot haste toward them.

"Hold!" cried the youth, for such his weak voice betrayed him; "hold, Sir Conrad Falconberg, of Chiswick. Leave not this spot until thou answer me for thy misdeeds, or until I fall by thy hand. I tell thee to thy teeth, in the face of thy friends and followers, that thou art a false and faithless traitor!—that thou art unworthy the name of a knight!"

The retinue of Conrad rushed toward the audacious stranger; twice a hundred lances were at once placed in rest to pierce him through; twice a hundred swords gleamed high in air to drink his blood; the bowmen bent their bows on him; his death was certain; but Conrad quickly interposed, and ordered them to retire to a thicket in the rear, there to wait the issue of the *reconnoitre*.

This done, he thus addressed the assailant:

"Bold boy, who art thou?"

"Once thy friend, but now thy deadly foe. One or both of us shall fall this day!"

"I know thee not, youth. Why should I slay thee?"

"Know me then now, to thy eternal disgrace! In me behold the brother of the betrayed Maria, and let thy sight be dimmed forever! I have come from afar to obtain satisfaction for the injuries you have inflicted on her! I have journeyed hither to have thy life! To the battle, villain—to the battle! or I shall call thee coward as well as traitor!"

"But," interposed Conrad, touched, perhaps, through the youth of his opponent, with a feeling somewhat akin to pity, "how may I know that thou art what thou descriest thyself to be? I am a noble knight, and may not disgrace my sword with a life below my degree. Where are thy proofs?"

"They are here!" exclaimed the impetuous boy. "Behold the blazon of our house—a house as ancient and noble as time."

He raised his shield as he spoke, and showed to Conrad the arms of his betrayed one's family—a golden lion on a field of azure.

"Wouldst thou more?" he inquired, tauntingly.

"Nay," rejoined Conrad, "thy blood be on thine own head. If thou hadst slain fifty adherents to the house of York, thou diest thyself this day. Make speedy shift, for short time hast thou to live."

"God be with the right!" shouted the youth. Each wheeled back his steed—each drew back a few paces to take ground; then laying their lances in rest, they rushed on each other with the fury of a whirlwind. Both were struck at the same moment; and both were unhorsed together; but, besides the fall, neither of them sustained any injury, thanks to the excellent temper of their mail.

Now came the tug of war. Conrad's blood was up. To be unhorsed by a boy—he, one of the best cavaliers of the day—it was a thing not to be borne. He drew forth his broad, bright falchion; his antagonist did the same. The fight then began in good earnest. It was evident, however, that the latter was less expert in the sword exercise than the former, though he managed, notwithstanding, to inflict a deep gash on his adversary's arm. This maddened Conrad more than ever; he showered his blows so "quick, thick, and heavy," that the weak youth he had to contend with could no longer withstand their force and effect. He fell to the ground, mortally wounded.

In accordance with the customs of chivalry, the victor hastened to unlance the helm of the vanquished, and offered every assistance at hand in this his last extremity. What was the horror of Conrad, while divesting his prostrate opponent's head of that part of his heavy armor, to behold the long, luxuriant tresses of a female roll out heavily from beneath it! With an unsteady hand, as ominous of evil, he raised the casque of the dying stranger.

Heavens! It was Maria!

"Conrad," she spake, as the death-rattle sounded in her throat, and the struggle of immediate dissolution convulsed every muscle of her delicate frame, "Conrad, I forgive thee."

It was idle to attempt a description of the grief of the reckless, wretched knight.

"Conrad," she continued, "take it not thus to heart; I die. The fault was mine, not thine! I could not live without thy love; so I resolved to perish by thy hand. My wish is accomplished. Think of me kindly, when you think of me at all; and should a recollection of the lost Maria ever cross your mind, remember only her love and devotion for thee—forget, forget her folly. Heaven bless you, my beloved Conrad—farewell!"

The fair creature, with these words, sunk back on her broken shield, and expired.

An unfortunate trans-action—Walking in one's sleep.

A dentist's sign—Drawing, Music, and Dancing.

An old maid—A woman that has been made for a long time.

The man who keeps his word—The man who never speaks.

The printing ink called the Centennial Red must be Old Hundred.

What is the best thing to hold when you get out of temper? Your tongue.

Get your linen duster dyed black, and save the expense of an overcoat.

If your wife is good, kiss her for reward. If she isn't, kiss her for punishment.

If there is one thing a small boy can not comprehend, it is how to play a trick on a cross-eyed man without being discovered, drawn and quartered.

Hope is said to be the brightest when it dawns from fears. This is a beautiful thought, but it seldom occurs to a man when he has just got up off his wife's new hat.

Sir Conrad visited the mansion where she lived much oftener than neighborly feeling alone would warrant, and Maria saw him each

time with greater pleasure than mere friendship ever yet exhibited. The result may be guessed at, but not mentioned. His demeanor became colder toward her day after day; while day after day her love for him seemed but to increase. No longer was he punctual in his appointments with her; and at length a report reached her that he was just about to join the forces of the house of Lancaster; and there came, a letter from him to her, in which he cruelly stated that, "if he married at all, which was by no means likely, maybe she might be at the bridal, though she might assure herself she would not be his bride."

Maria's heart was crushed when she read these dreadful words; and she resolved to put in execution a plan which she had for some time thought of.

It was a lovely morning, in the early part of spring, when Sir Conrad Falconberg and his goodly band of friends and vassals galloped forth from the portals of his manor, and by the light of the gray dawn, mustered in order on the banks of the river. Proudly and gayly rode Conrad, their chief, in advance. The neighing of the steeds—the shouts of the soldiers—the song of the boatmen on the Thames waiting to receive them in their pennoned barques—the blessings of the crowd—gave the scene a tone and character of the highest excitement. They neared the banks when a knight, armed cap-a-pie, with lance in rest and vizor closed, was urging his steed in hot haste toward them.

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